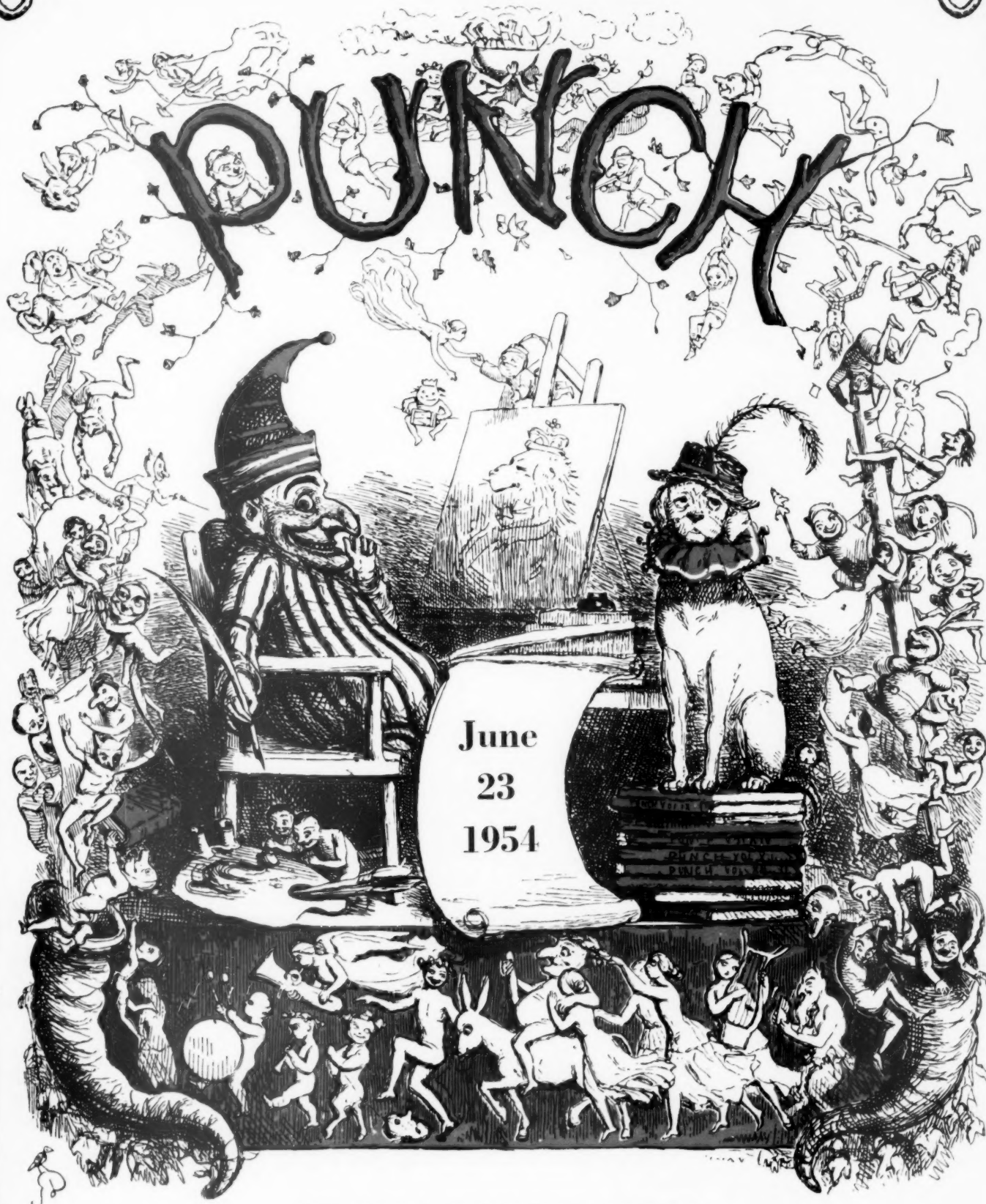


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—June 23 1954

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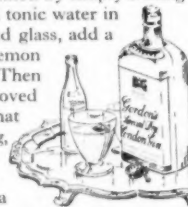
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TO THE LATE
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*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

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"Yes, that's the beauty of this new 'Philishave' — it not only saves a lot of time and trouble; it also gives you a really close shave."

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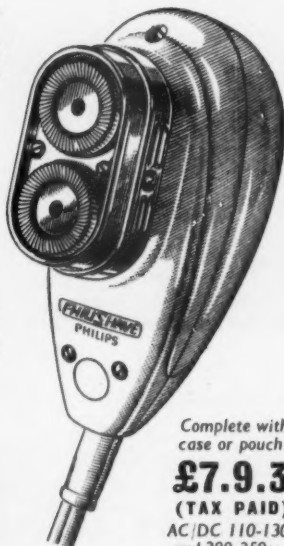
"Ah. But this is different. It has what is called a BI-AX Shaving Head..."

"What does that do?"

"Well, apart from 36,000 shaving actions a minute, it has a special skin stretcher, which helps to get a much closer shave."

Ingenious. I must try it."

"Sensible chap. I reckon my 'Philishave's' the best investment I've made for years."



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but can we
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—AND IT'S ALL PART OF
OUR SERVICE FOR LIFE**

Although your son may still be in his pram, there's no reason why you should not promise him, here and now, a first-class education. And the simple, easiest way is with our Public Schools Policy.

**time and
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Facts and figures about the Public Schools Policy, about every policy of ours, find their easily-understood place in a free booklet: 'Yours for Life'. It's worth-while reading, worth writing for.



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You don't begrudge paying a little extra when you're buying a friend a drink—as long as you can be sure he'll be satisfied. But you're certain of that, of course—

when you

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QUIZ

FOR BUSINESSMEN WITH LOW E.Q.s* IN THEIR OFFICES

*Efficiency quotients

THESE questions are intended for executives who believe in "productivity." Productivity as it applies not only to lathes, conveyors, punch-presses and the like, but also to desks. On these it is just as important to have the right machine tools.

- ① When you plaintively ask your office for statistics—sales-analysis figures, perhaps—does your accountant (1) ask for extra staff to help him get them? (2) ask you to wait until the end of the year? (3) smile pityingly?

Hint 1: Getting statistical information as a daily by-product of routine figure work is perfectly simple if your staff use machines that allow the widest utilization of original records. (Try using Burroughs Duplex Calculators for analysis.)

- ② When your office tackles the monthly load of statements, does it mean (1) a lot of (rather discontented) overtime work? (2) that all other office work comes to a dead stop? (3) that some customers seem to be getting your goods free?

Hint 2: One way of flattening out "peaks" in office work is by completing the statements during the month as a by-product of posting the ledger. A Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machine makes this a fast and simple operation.

- ③ If you're still consigning all the facts and figures on your business to paper, which of the following results will worry you most? (1) An astronomical bill for stationery. (2) The collapse of the man who has to remember on what system the records have been filed. (3) The loss of whole rooms to filing cabinets, transfer boxes, and bulky ledgers.

Hint 3: The Microfilming Equipment Burroughs offer cuts document-storage space by over 99%, can present any document for reference within 60 seconds.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

If any of the suggested answers to the questions above are roughly representative of your experience, it's quite time you called in Burroughs. Burroughs (as we tried to hint) can supply a much better, quicker answer to the whole problem of office-management.

As makers of the world's broadest line of record-keeping machines, Burroughs are prepared at any time to supply advice on systems, machines designed specifically to serve these systems, a service of maintenance and supplies. The whole organization starts working for you from the moment you call in Burroughs. Burroughs Adding Machine Limited, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford St., London, W.1.

FOR THE RIGHT ANSWERS CALL IN

Burroughs



Plenty of space in this full-width freezer. With its self-closing, insulated door, there is ample room for cold desserts, ice cream and frozen foods too. It has two large ice trays—fitted with snap-release cube separators—and one 3 pint dessert tray.



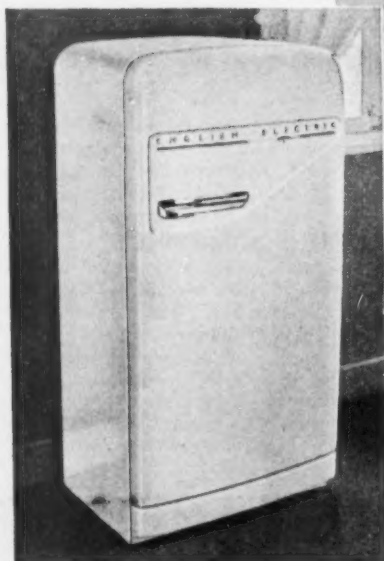
Full-width COLDRAWER with room to spare. Slides easily in and out. For lower temperature storage of fish, fillets, chops and bacon—also used as a drip tray for defrosting. Below are three arm-length shelves, and a half shelf.

Gracious... and how spacious!

It's just about the most handsome refrigerator ever. Large capacity—yes—but taking up less space than you think! See for yourself how generous it is. 14.6 sq. ft. of wide shelf area—all the storage space you'll ever want to take all your food without overcrowding. Even the door has three big-capacity shelves to accommodate your extras. The 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' EA 83 is the refrigerator every woman deserves, superbly finished, designed for *your* kitchen, in either white or cream enamel. You'll thrill with possessive pride every time you look at it! See it at your local 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' Dealer or Electricity Service Centre—today!

Neat about floor space. The 'English Electric' EA 83 fits comfortably into any moderate sized kitchen. It stands 57½" high—28½" wide and 25½" deep—occupying just over 5 square feet of floor space.

You can afford it! The 'English Electric' EA 83 costs 132 gns—for cheaper per cubic foot than most small models—and you can buy it on hire purchase terms—your local 'English Electric' dealer will gladly arrange this for you.



Write for a complimentary copy of 'Crisp and Fresh'. Illustrated in full colour—a complete guide to refrigerator cookery containing recipes from Sole in Aspic and Charlotte Russe to Caramel Custard and Cabbage Salad.

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Case adjourned

awaiting fresh evidence—

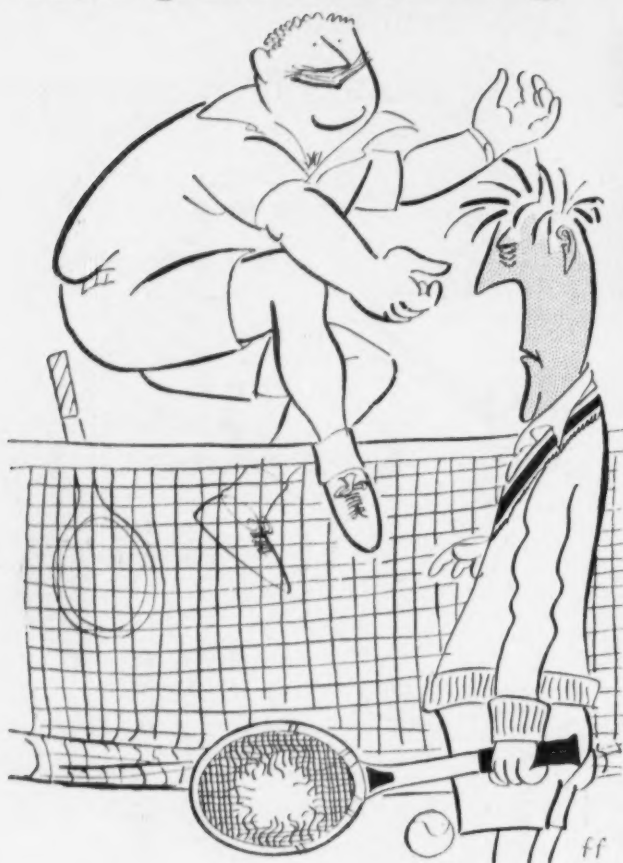


"The Defence submits that the appellation *Stork Margarine*, upon which the Persecution insists, implies an untrue relationship . . . that Stork is only a margarine-in-law. The evidence, members of the jury—a slice of bread and Stork! Taste its creamy flavour, and . . . M'Lud, some learned friend has snaffled exhibit 'A' . . ." "Case adjourned," ruled the judge, brushing the crumbs from his wig, "let's have some more of this lovely fresh evidence!" The whole truth is this. If we don't call Stork Margarine, we're breaking the law. If you don't call it margarine, that's your good taste . . . and Stork's! For, through scrupulous selection and skilful blending of the choicest of natural fats, Stork has a creamy taste that conflicts with the letter of the law. Perhaps the spirit is a little warmer. For, only recently, the Law ordered all table margarines to do what Stork first did twenty years ago—contain Vitamins A and D. Surely the Law owes Stork a little consideration for that!

The Law and the Palate beg to differ . . .

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE

Are you smashing-



or going
all to pieces?

Do the tanned and terrific giants of Wimbledon arouse envy? Superb services, vitriolic volleys, the forehand drives that every watching rabbit dreams about. But first and foremost it's physical fitness that wins championships nowadays. Skill alone isn't enough. First class players must have the stamina to carry them through those long, exhausting rallies on the Centre Court.

However good or bad you may be at tennis—without paying any backhanded compliments—you can be physically fit, even in the hottest (or coldest) summer. A glass of sparkling Andrews can give you the initiative and the drive you need to defeat liverishness. Makes you feel like a champion. And it's wonderfully refreshing when you're wilting in the heat.

ANDREWS FOR INNER CLEANLINESS



Shock treatment at the coal-face

ONE of the rigorous tests passed with honours by the Tudor Oyster Prince was conducted in mine-workings 1,000 feet below the ground. This new self-winding wrist-watch, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva, was worn continuously by a miner, through no less than 252 hours of drilling and hewing at the coal-face.

While he worked, with drill, hatchet, mandril, shovel and sledge—often in the dustiest part of the pit, the drive—his Oyster Prince was at the mercy of vibration, greatly in excess of that which would spell finish to an ordinary self-winding watch.

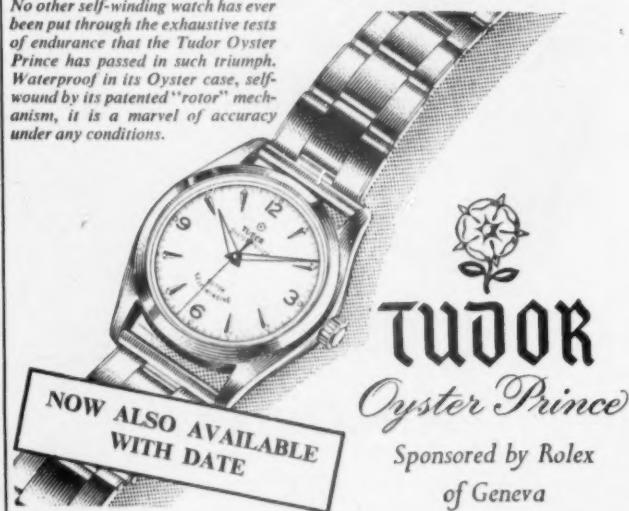
How did the watch react? Hard though it is to believe, at the end

of the six-week period, during which the watch was never once removed from the miner's wrist and its hands were never once reset, the Tudor Oyster Prince did not have to be corrected by more than a few seconds.

This is testimony, indeed, to the remarkable protection and accuracy given by its two exclusive, Rolex patented features—the permanently waterproof and dust-proof Oyster case, and the unique flexible, "rotor" self-winding mechanism.

Your Rolex jeweller is ready now to show you this remarkable, but still modestly priced, Tudor Oyster Prince, cased in gleaming stainless steel, and with a matching expanding bracelet.

No other self-winding watch has ever been put through the exhaustive tests of endurance that the Tudor Oyster Prince has passed in such triumph. Waterproof in its Oyster case, self-wound by its patented "rotor" mechanism, it is a marvel of accuracy under any conditions.





"THAT," said his solicitor, "is not the view of the millions who have benefited from the proper use of Hire Purchase. However much we may cherish the ideals of an earlier age, we must acknowledge the necessities of changed conditions. Far better to teach our younger generation the intelligent and discriminate use of credit as a commendable medium of thrift than try to impose upon them the time-worn platitudes of the past which they won't accept anyway!"

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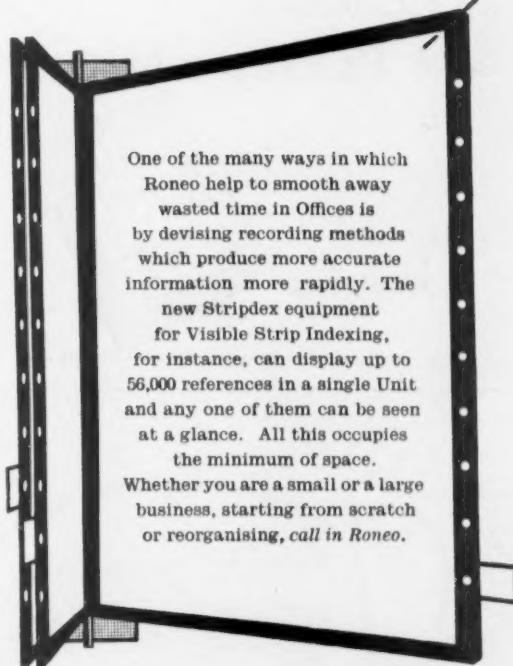
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Sites on main lines and trunk roads.
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One of the most satisfactory features of siting plants on a Liverpool industrial estate is the large labour force available, particularly of young men keen to train as skilled technicians.

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THE CITY ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, LIVERPOOL 2

CVS-21

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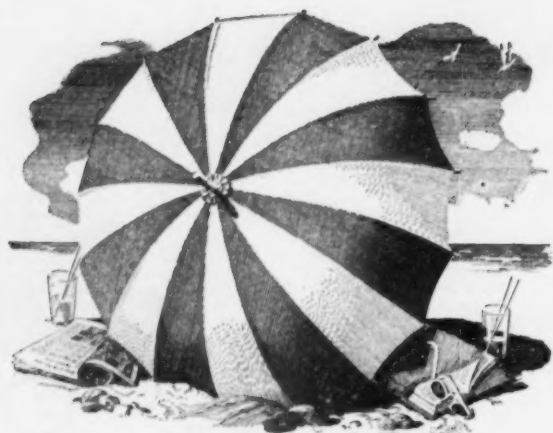
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makes things better

for everyone

Unchanged in form for generations, the flimsy paper dart fashioned by childish fingers shares much with the supersonic fighter of the fifties. Its shape . . . its slimness . . . its simplicity. But here, at simplicity, the resemblance fades. For within the gleaming shell of the modern aircraft all is complex. Pressurisation . . . power controls . . . pipes and pumps and control rods . . . radio and radar . . . the gallery of instruments. The progress of aeronautics in the fifty years since the first powered flight astonishes even those most intimately concerned with it. Amongst the names to be found on the fast-turning pages of the story of flight is that of Dunlop. Today the world's most famous Civil, Military and Naval aircraft carry evidence of the airmindedness of Dunlop . . . in their tyres, wheels and brakes; their Maxaret Anti-Skid Units; their systems of pneumatic actuation; their numerous rubber accessories. By serving these who challenge and master the air, Dunlop makes things better for everyone.

SHELLGUIDE to JUNE lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



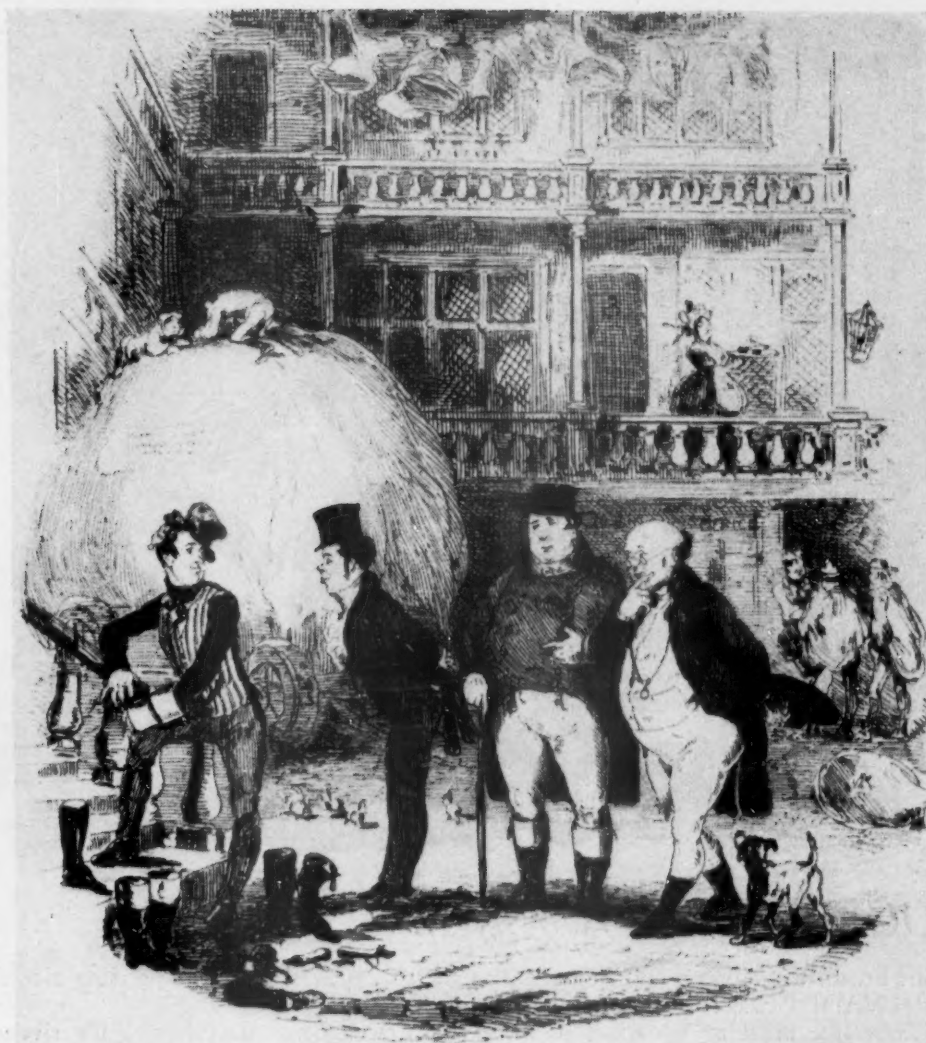
ALONG damp hedges wild (1) *Gaulther Rose* tosses the whitest of blossom, scented like pepper and salt; (2) *Yellow flags* open flowers as silky as those of any garden iris. Quick streams may be golden with (3) *Monkey Flower*, now wild, though introduced long ago from the misty Aleutian Islands. (4) *Dog Roses* are everywhere. (5) *Foxgloves* colour woods and hedgerows, poisonous, but giving a drug for heart disease. Chalky country suits (6) *Meadow Cranesbill*, or *Loving Andrews*. Dry hills are often pink with bitter (7) *Centaury*, once known as *Earthgall* and taken against fevers. (8) *Shepherd's Needle*, or *Devil's Darning Needle* grows among the wheat. Flowers of walls and ruins include (9) *Pennywort*, which flourished on Westminster Abbey in Queen Elizabeth's time, (10) *Greater Periwinkle*, and (11) *Herb Robert* named, not after St Robert, but Robin Good-fellow the goblin (Robin is short for Robert). (12) *Yellow Rattle* is a semi-parasite of old meadows. (13) *White Bryony* coils in hedges, still called 'Mandrake' from the huge roots once sold as magical mandrakes. Among rare flowers (14) *Bastard Balm* is pretty along roads in Devon and Cornwall.



You can be
sure of



THE KEY TO THE COUNTRYSIDE



"FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. SAMUEL WELLER", says the title of this illustration in *Pickwick Papers*. And such is the artistry of 'Phiz' that we know Sam would be the kind of man Mr. Pickwick found him to be—cheerful, cheeky, a willing servant and a true friend.

'Phiz', born Hablôt Knight Browne, illustrated ten novels by Dickens between 1836 and 1859. He modelled his pseudonym on 'Boz', the nom-de-plume under which Dickens published

his first major work at the age of twenty-five.

It can be said of all the classic figures in literature, whose names are as familiar as our own, that without paper they could never have lived. Nor, indeed, would these famous characters have given delight to so many people all over the world had not the paper-maker made it possible to produce inexpensive editions in vast quantities.

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And if you ever play the pipes in any other part of the world, you'll find "BROOMWADE" compressors and tools, busy on a host of construction projects and maintenance jobs.

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"BROOMWADE" offers you:

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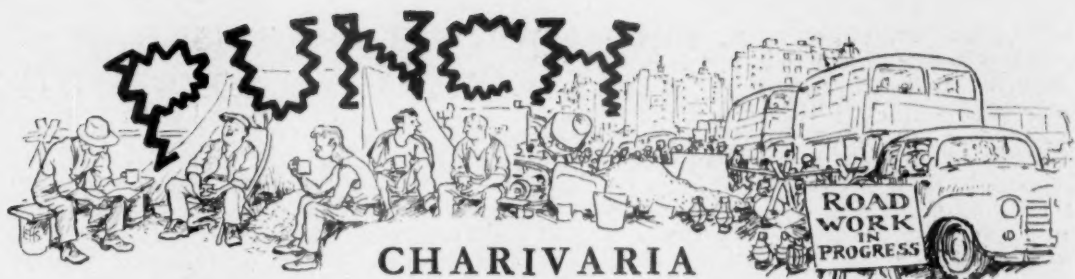
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CHARIVARIA

LONDON'S evening papers have hitherto been divided on helicopter policy. Readers of the *Star* and the *News* hardly knew that such things existed, and only the *Standard* (which by a lucky chance happened to own one) gave the subject full and regular attention. Last Thursday saw, however, the South Bank debut of the Newscopter and the Starcopter, each in a flurry of headlines, which may well mean that the topic will drop out of the *Standard* altogether. It's pretty hard to publicize one copter without doing the same for others.

Longevity Note

OLDEST inhabitants bracing themselves for yet another successful exploitation of the American tourist influx are said to have been much heartened by the advertisement for a



mechanical garden-tool in the *Lincolnshire Echo* which begins: "Don't let the grass in your orchard, paddock or churchyard get on top of you . . ."

Great Shock

AN Australian correspondent mentions that a note saying that the University of Bangor has a vacancy for the Chair of Applied Electricity caused some amusement among members of the Melbourne University Appointments Board. This is nothing to the effect on American criminal classes.

Tough Assignment

THE National Egg Information Service, whose early promise bloomed splendidly with a Press release at Easter describing how the Bishop of Chester

used to take eggs into the cathedral to pelt the choristers, has lately fallen back disappointingly on mere recipes. Nor is the current one, for an omelet, couched in terms likely to win the housewife's heart. Among phrases that leap out at her are the following:

"... the difficulties . . ."
 "... your first try may not result in . . ."
 "... practice makes perfect . . ."
 "... nothing miraculous in its making . . ."
 "... if, to start with, you dread the thought . . ."
 "... once the dread of making omelets has been . . ."
 "... do not give up in despair . . ."
 "... many housewives are afraid . . ."
 "... it can be done . . ."

She may be forgiven for expecting to find her old, tried friend, "War is not inevitable."

Aren't Men Beasts

MR. WILFRED PICKLES is credited by an earnest-minded television critic with the "knack of making ordinary people human, by confronting them with unrehearsed situations." It looks as if the rest of us, notwithstanding some experience of unrehearsed situations in which humanity has not entirely been lost sight of, are due to take to the trees again any time now.

Takes All Kinds

ADVANCE publicity matter is already circulating for the Schoolboy's Own Exhibition, due in London next December, and intending exhibitors are urged



to reserve their floor-space now. The child recently before a West London juvenile court, alleged to have terrorized his schoolmates into handing over their dinner money for months, and to have carved "T.B." for "Teddy

Boy" on the arms of four of them with a knife, will no doubt be exhibiting his working model of a remand home break-out. Or else.

Saving on the Slipway

SCIENTISTS and aesthetes alike have heard with interest that the "unit of absolute beauty" has been invented by a professor of natural philosophy, who calls it a Helen and explains that it is divisible into millihelens. It is hoped that the millihelen



may in time be interpreted in terms of power, when it should prove handy for launching a single ship.

Why Isn't the Band Playing?

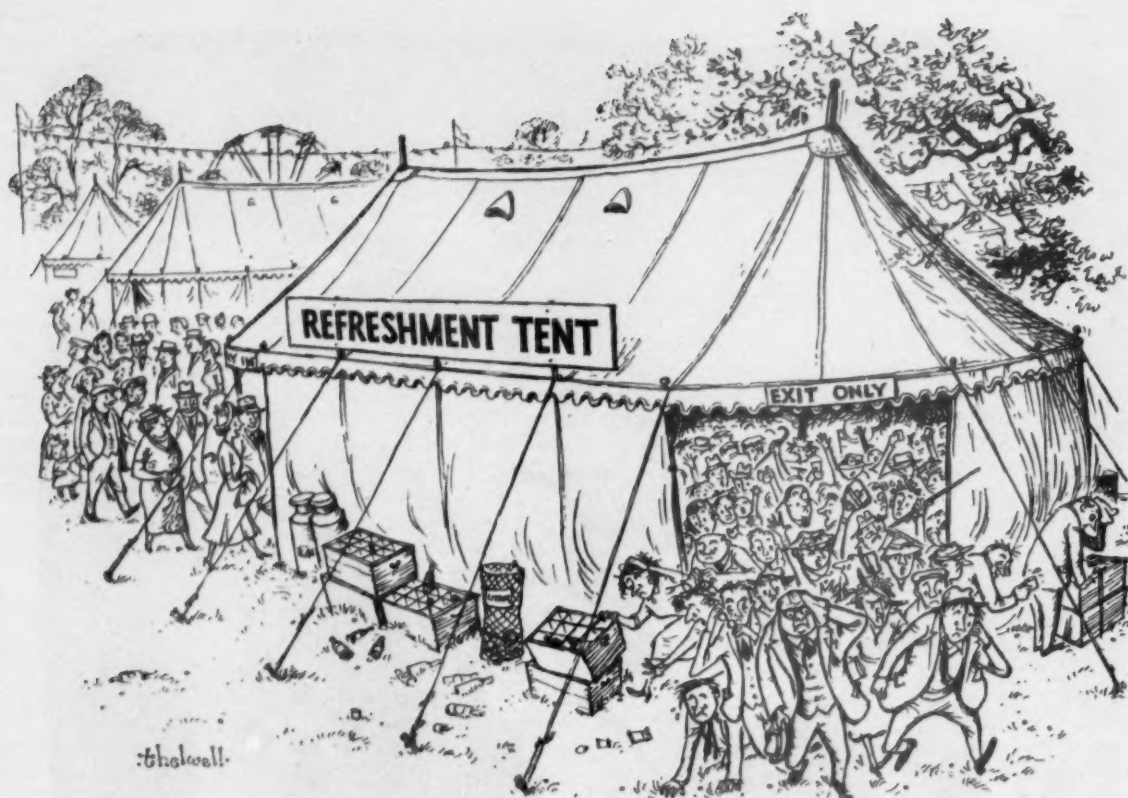
MR. J. P. W. MALLALIEU, M.P., discloses in a newspaper article that he takes sandwiches to the House of Commons instead of buying the costly meals provided in the Members' restaurant, and he suggests that the loss made by the House catering department as a result, partly, of similar economies by other M.P.s might be reduced if the general public were admitted to the restaurant during Parliamentary recesses. The only trouble is that the public, who have not the resources of free-lance journalism to fall back on, would be pretty sure to bring sandwiches too.

Lively Correspondence

PHILATELISTS are much interested in the Russian plan to issue postage stamps with an agricultural motif, depicting among other things a collective farm, a hydro-electric station and the mechanical planting of potatoes. No doubt



LES GADARÉNIENS



Mint Tea with the Lieutenant

By ANTHONY CARSON

IT started with the lieutenant telling me about the British protected subjects. There were about five, he said. He told me about them at lunch in his house at Tinherir in Southern Morocco. "They are out in a tribe near the Sargho mountains," he informed me. The lieutenant was acting as Chief District Officer of the area, while the captain was away. "How did you find out about them?" I asked him, as casually as possible. "The odd thing is that I only discovered it yesterday. I was looking over some papers, and there it was. Don't ask me *how* they came to be British protected subjects. It just happened. Possibly it started with their grandfathers."

We went on with our lunch. I turned over in my mind the best way to turn this news to good account. So far the lieutenant had scored. The day before, under a blazing sun, he had asked me if I would like to borrow an umbrella. To

be sure, I had formulated plans for a Berber cricket eleven, and had even marked out a pitch between the Khalifa's Kasbah and the oasis. "There's nothing like a good game of cricket," I told him, "to build up *esprit de corps*. It would spread through Morocco." But then, this morning, the Moorish servant had brought in an enormous bowl of porridge and the works of Shakespeare. "I hope you enjoyed your breakfast," the lieutenant had asked solicitously . . .

My chance came that night. The American vice-consul at O—, and the air-attaché, with their wives, had arrived in Tinherir in an enormous car that obviously started as a Flying Fortress. One of the tyres had punctured with a great explosion which shook the palm-trees in the oasis. They had called on the lieutenant, who asked them to dinner. "I needn't ask an Englishman to be tactful," he hinted to me over an *apéritif*. I sat out on the terrace, looking

down on the palms and the dancing blossom on the peach-trees. A hidden bird signed its name with a few hurried notes and frogs croaked in chorus. The sounds were green and moist against the parched purple of the valley. I turned over the British protected persons in my mind and decided on a course of action.

Dinner started quietly. The wife of the air-attaché turned out to be English and came from Manchester. "You simply can't get far enough away from Manchester. But now I've discovered you can't get far enough away from America," she said brightly. "O— is incredibly dreary. Administrative offices, cocktail parties and so on. I've been here a year and I haven't *seen* Morocco yet. This puncture seemed my only chance, and now it's night."

I told her that if she stood out on the balcony she might hear the jackals howling like sinister babies. "And if

you stayed on to-morrow," I continued in a louder voice, "you would have the unique chance of meeting some British protected subjects." "Would you pass the salt?" the lieutenant asked me coldly. "Did you say British protected subjects?" asked the air-attaché's wife in amazement. "Out here?" "Certainly," I replied. "They are living in a state of unredeemed slavery. Without rights. Without representation. Without votes. Out in the middle of the Sargho mountains, miles away from any vestige of civilization." "Have you actually seen them?" she asked. "No. But I am going to demand to see them," I said loudly. "Good for you," she said. "And what will you do then?" "See that England hears about them," I replied.

There was an uncomfortable silence. The vice-consul leant over his soup and began talking about the weather. "I understand," he said, "that the weather south of the High Atlas is quite different from the weather north of the High Atlas. That is to say, they are, fundamentally, quite different." Obviously, the last thing he wanted was to be in any way involved in a political scuffle between Great Britain and Morocco. In fact I had the distinct impression that he would leave the house at any moment and jump into the security of his Flying Fortress.

The lieutenant looked at me from under his eyebrows. "I trust that you are enjoying the soup," he said. "Monsieur le lieutenant," I replied, "I have something to ask you. I demand to see my British protected subjects." "Certainly," replied the lieutenant calmly. "I will have you driven out to them. But I will not provide you with an interpreter." "But that's disgraceful," said the air-attaché's wife. "Pipe down, Muriel," said the air-attaché, easing his collar. "What do they look like?" she asked the lieutenant. "A vague sort of black," he replied. "Exposure and flogging," I explained. I turned to the vice-consul. "Will you back me up?" "We have too many commitments," he said. "Our position here is too sketchy. Besides, I am certain that the lieutenant is not flogging your subjects." "Who would know?" cried the air-attaché's wife. "Who would hear them out in the mountains?" "I would like to point out," said the lieutenant, peeling his orange, "that

these five Moroccans are completely unaware that they are British protected subjects. I consider that it would be callous to disillusion them."

When dinner was over we had coffee, and discussed irrigation, date crops, tribal customs and droughts. But the lieutenant kept looking at me from time to time as though he were meditating something. After he had sped the guests, and we had watched them drive off in their cream-coloured colossus, he turned to me, one arm around his wife. "You have every right to see your subjects," he said. "I will drive you out there to-morrow."

We set off after lunch, in the jeep, accompanied by the granite-faced *shouash*, an interpreter, and a minor chieftain. It was a very long, bumpy ride, and, although early March, blindingly hot. The flank of the purple Sargho never seemed to get any nearer, the baked clay of the valley, scattered with flowering thornbush, stretched out like a Tanguy painting. While he was driving, the lieutenant seemed to be explaining the situation to the *shouash*, because this generally expressionless person was weeping into the folds of his djellabah.

Finally the jeep approached a crumbling biscuit-coloured *ksar* half hidden behind palm trees. At one of the gates stood a boy with trachoma, and an inevitable mother-in-law, grim and grey as a scorched tree, who had already started to shout and shake her fist in the direction of injustice. Then the chieftain appeared, shook hands with us, discussed our health and led us through the village to a small square blessed with a single tamarisk tree, like a lost dancer. Here were the usual Friday petitioners—wives who had been beaten, mothers-in-law who had been robbed, earth which had been wrongly removed, donkeys which had been purloined. It was a far cry from the enormous problems of urban Morocco, frustrated university students, trials, bombs and knives in the night.

When the village tribunal had ended, and the committee of elders had finished discussing what had long since been resolved, the lieutenant offered me a cigarette. "We have, according to custom, been invited to tea. Would you like me to locate your subjects and arrange for them to sit in a place of honour near the carpet? The *shouash* and I will help you to converse with



"... and now, the sweet haunting notes of the crested flaptail."

them—a slight censorship may be necessary of course.” “I would be delighted,” I said.

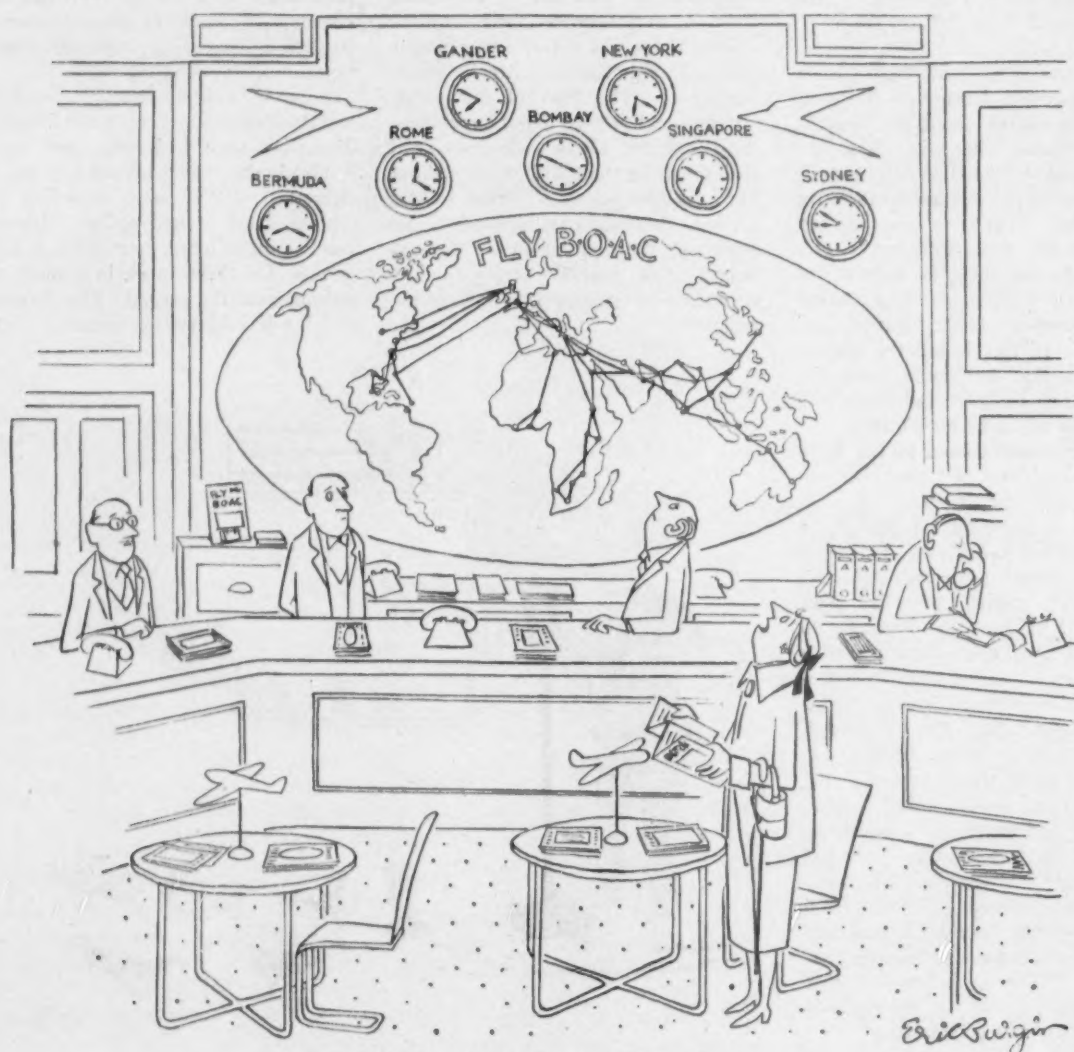
The chieftain led us to the shade of some palms, waving away the mother-in-law who, it has to be admitted, had been entirely neglected, and who would carry her wrongs, unheard, to the grave. Here a brilliant carpet had been laid, and at one end there was a shimmer of tea implements, with a smiling man, black as night, flaking and shredding handfuls of tender mint. The tea ceremonial in Morocco always lasts a long time; here it seemed eternity, and the sleepy mouldering *ksar* gradually took root in history. Health was once more discussed

and a few jokes introduced. The whole village seemed glad to laugh, except the mother-in-law. Litigation, shouts and laughter are the life-blood of South Morocco.

“Here are your subjects,” said the lieutenant, pointing at a small group of men approaching the carpet. They were all very old, bearded, and evidently had little time more for this life. Two of them were riding donkeys. “Exclude the donkeys,” said the lieutenant politely, kindly translating his last words into Arabic for the benefit of the *shouash*. The two old men squatted near the carpet, and the lieutenant asked me if there was anything I would like to say

to them. I know two words in Arabic which together form the traditional health question, so I said them. The old men regarded me blankly. “They only speak Berber, it appears,” said the lieutenant, “which is unfortunate, because I only know Arabic. The *shouash* could translate from my Arabic, if you like.” I declined this invitation because I had no confidence in the expression of the *shouash* at that moment. I doubted if any of my messages would get through to the old British protected men.

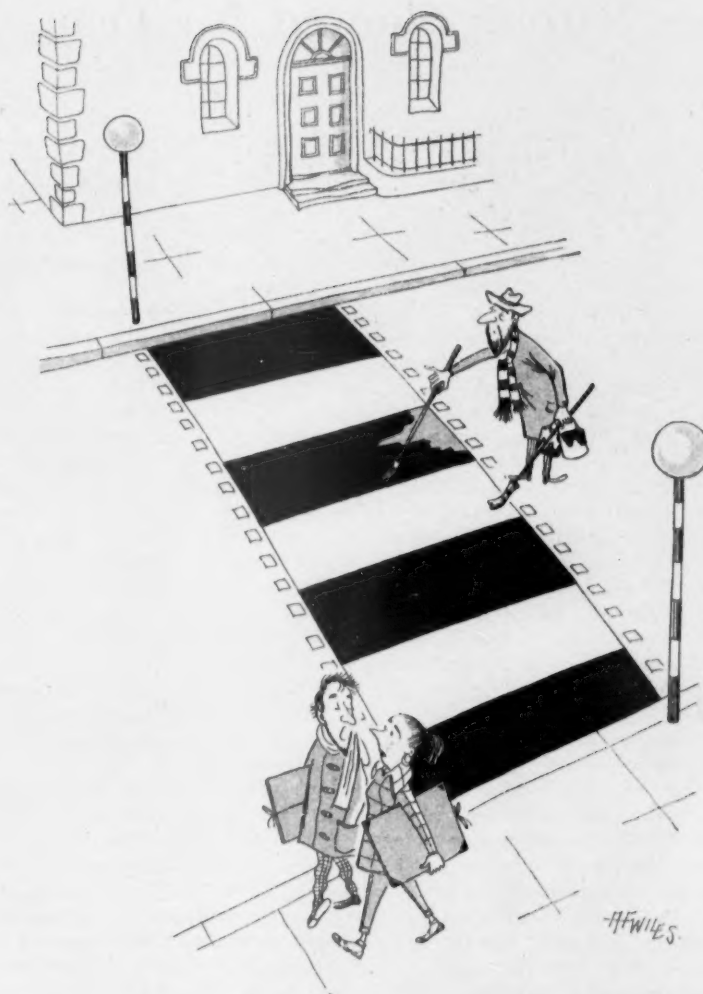
Eventually, with great ceremonial, the boiling water poured over the mint and the sugar rocks, and poured back



“My goodness, are those clocks right?”

and forth, until the mixer was satisfied, tea was served and plates of almonds, dates and honey cakes were placed on the carpet. The sun hid behind the fronds of a palm tree and the sky was luminous with peace. I sipped my tea and ate a few dates and almonds, when I suddenly felt a tug at my sleeve. I turned to face the accusing eyes of the lieutenant.

"Old man," he said in English, a language I had never suspected him knowing, "you have just behaved very badly. I am speaking to you in English to save you from embarrassment. Do you see the way your protected subjects are looking at you?" I turned towards the group of old men. They were staring at me with horror and amazement. In fact the whole village was doing the same. I had the old terrible feeling of standing up in the crowded classroom, of not knowing the answer, of letting down the side. "You see," said the lieutenant smoothly, selecting a honey cake. "But what have I done?" I asked. "Something I would never have suspected," he answered. "Had you been an ordinary tourist it would not have mattered so much. Not so much. It could have been forgiven. But I have brought you here with me, and I am responsible for your actions towards the people of this *ksar*. For that reason the relationship between them and the *Bureaux des Affaires Indigènes* will have deteriorated considerably." "Will you kindly explain?" I asked. "Later," replied the lieutenant. "Now," I insisted. "Very well," he said. "It will consist in a lecture on the relative qualities of the left and right hand in Mohammedan ethics. The right hand is noble, constructive and good. It is used to shake the hand, convey food to the mouth, and point to worthy objects. The left, on the other hand, is ignoble, and is employed towards degraded ends. Perhaps this appears trivial to you, but to us, who depend on such niceties for proper social intercourse with Moroccans, it is highly important. To cut a long story short, you have just picked up an almond and eaten it with your left hand." I looked at him in astonishment. His face was quite stern. "Before we leave, is there any message you wish to pass on to the British protected subjects? The *shouash* is ready to oblige."



"He was quite a good black-and-white artist in his day."

Magna Veritas

WITH my looks I am bound to look simple or fast. I would rather look simple,
So I wear a tall hat on the back of my head that is rather a pimple
And I walk rather queerly and comb my long hair;
And people say Don't bother about her.
So in my time I have picked up a good many facts,
Rather more than the people do who wear smart hats;
And I do not deceive because I am rather simple too,
And although I collect facts I do not always know what they amount to.
I regard them as a contribution to almighty Truth, *magna est veritas et praevalabit*,
Agreeing with that Roman writer, Great is Truth and will prevail in a bit.
STEVIE SMITH

The Natives Showed No Fear

By H. F. ELLIS

THERE is little doubt in my own mind that the affair of the hitherto undiscovered natives in New Guinea will be badly bungled.

Somewhere "behind the 12,000-ft.-high Muller and Karius ranges north-west of Tari" dwell these doomed folk, in numbers estimated by the aerial survey plane that spotted them to approach one hundred thousand. "Their gardens," writes *The Times*' own correspondent in Canberra, "suggest fairly advanced agriculture" (which is more, I dare say, than has ever been written of yours or mine). "They have rectangular plots with crops in rows, and in one valley the cultivated areas are surrounded by trees and hedges. Irrigation seems to be used extensively." Their villages, moreover, are said to be "well-designed," though one should be careful, I think, not to give that phrase its full Western signification; it can scarcely mean that the native huts are disposed radially round a central group of amenities.

And now they have been discovered. Do they know that yet? Did they even know that they were "hitherto undiscovered," that there were other men and nations all about them, even more numerous than they, from whom they had successfully kept themselves hidden through the long centuries? Or did they think, do they still think, that they are all there is, that the world consists of their little paradise of rectangular plots

with only a trackless void beyond the 12,000-ft.-high peaks of the Muller and Karius ranges?

Poor Papuans—if that is what they are. They have six months of splendid isolation, a little more or a little less, before they find out what they have been missing all these years. "It is estimated," says a message from Port Moresby, "that foot patrols will take till the end of the year to reach the area." Not "would," but "will." No faintest thought of leaving them alone has crossed the mind of authority. By December at latest the straggling relief party, with its district commissioners and its schoolmasters, its penicillin and its ballot boxes, will wind its way into the well-designed villages. Missionaries of every denomination will elbow each other back, eager to be first with the good news. Pest control officers will show the wondering natives how to drench their rectangular plots with D.D.T. The Last Hundred Thousand will have started on the long road that leads to self-government and Test Match status.

Of course it may be argued that these Papuans know well enough what is in store for them—that they are at least familiar with aeroplanes. "The natives," writes *The Times* correspondent, slipping easily into the appropriate idiom, "showed no fear but pointed at the survey aircraft as it flew low over their villages." But that is no proof that

they regarded the plane as evidence of the existence of other races on the earth's surface. It is precisely the report that the captains of flying saucers may at this very moment be making to their overlords on Mars or Venus. Indeed, one of the most fascinating things these Papuans may be able to tell us is what percentage of their population refused to believe in the existence of aeroplanes, dismissing them as vapour condensations, effects of the sunlight on cloud, or simple mass hallucinations.

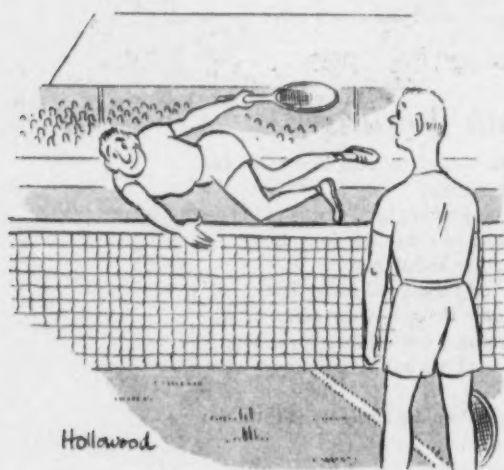
I prefer to believe that these lost tribes were truly

lost, utterly without knowledge of Progress and Civilization and the White Man. That is what makes me fear that the affair will be bungled. Because here is an opportunity, the last probably that this earth will afford, for a revival of the Travel Book that was so great a glory of the Victorian era. To send an organized official party over the mountain ranges is to fling this opportunity wantonly away. What is wanted is an absolute ban on visits to the new territory, save for solitary men and (particularly) women explorers, who at intervals of say five years would be permitted, under licence and with perhaps the traditional Malay servant, to attempt to penetrate the Papuan hinterland. Then would come again the days of Richard Burton and Mrs. F. D. Bridges and Henry Walter Bates. The word "intrepid" would have its Indian Summer. The twentieth-century counterparts of Frederick Burnaby and James Chalmers and Isabella Bishop would have no need to cross the Atlantic in small boats. The old grand prose would resume its sway ("The natives showed no fear . . .")—"Dismounting from my steed, I assumed as bold a front as I could command . . ." "The hair of these people, unlike that of the Uchimantus, is long and black . . ."). There would be tales in the circulating libraries of natives petrified with astonishment at the striking of a match, of timely prognostications of eclipses. The bead trade would show a sharp upward curve.

There would also, with luck, be an occasional grim tragedy, a sacrifice made, one likes to think, not altogether in vain. It was to New Guinea that James Chalmers, the intrepid Argyllshire missionary already mentioned, made his last journey, and there, so my travel anthology tells me, "he was murdered and eaten by the natives, who flavoured his flesh with saffron." How are we ever to discover, unless my plan is adopted, whether the memory of these old recipes for Scotsmen still lingers on in Papuan folklore?

"Person suffering from chronic neurosis. Requires Loan of £10, re-payable 15s. weekly."—*Cambridge Daily News*

Try a psychiatrist.





"Looks as if it's going to be quite decent on television at home to-night."

Do Tell

By RICHARD MALLET

(With acknowledgments to "Notes and Queries")

READERS' QUERIES

UNACCOMPANIED CHAMPAGNE.—On a recent visit to a public house a man was heard, on being asked to name his poison (for this use of "poison," see ccviii, 72), to reply "I'll have a bottle of champagne." His companion then said "Anything with it?" The echo from Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* is obvious, but the implication seemed to be that the drinker concerned habitually diluted his champagne. Can any reader supply examples of this interesting practice?

A. D. M.

BISCUIT. NO, BUS-CONDUCTORS.—The recent reminder that we owe the name "biscuit" to the fifth Earl of Biscuit (1701-1777) prompts me, for reasons which I here have no space to go into, to ask whether any reader is in a position to explain the prevalent habit of giving bus-conductors the nicknames "Schopenhauer" and "Leibniz." Splurge, in his *Conduction and Induction* (1925) suggests that this originated with a pair of bus- (or even tram-) conductors one of whom was noticeably more cheerful than the other, the presence in any service of a single bearer of either name being explained by the fact that his opposite number had retired. The objection to this is, of course, that no one has ever seen a retired bus-conductor, unless I mean a dead donkey.

CHARLES DICKENS

FRANCESCA.—Information required as to whether Francesca ever played polo.

J. J.

POT-POURRI.—I am anxious to trace the earliest appearance of objections to the musical pot-pourri. The popular idea that there were in the early nineteenth century riots in London at which the cry (often also inscribed on banners) of "No pot-pourri!" was heard is, I believe, erroneous, though it is not to be found denied, or even confirmed, in Ackermann; but who was it that first devoted a paragraph of abuse to the practice of what he called "telescoping tunes"? I have heard that it was Paganini or Albert Sandler, or some such name.

O. B. C.

MUDDLE.—Is there any literary reference to the ambivalent status of this word? The humorous English pride in "muddling through" has, of course, been well known since the muddle, or middle, of the nineteenth century, but the use of "muddle" as fearsome political abuse dates, I feel sure, from comparatively recent times. (Cf. the newspaper headlines "Socialists' Transport Muddle," "Government Ice-Cream Muddle Criticized," etc.) It seems strange that no writer has made any comment on the way the same person may, by implication, express approval of the process of muddle on a national scale while expecting to arouse the utmost contempt for muddle on a smaller (or ice-cream) scale. Why is this? Does anyone care?

O. V. W.

WRONGLY ADDRESSED.—I know a district nurse who lives at a house named "Hospital Corners," but on second thoughts I see that I ought to





have sent this letter to the *Sunday Express*.
DISGUSTED

MUSICAL RHYTHMS.—A head-waiter of my acquaintance who was wont to set the table in a roar (just opposite the entrance to the kitchen, where you couldn't hear yourself speak) once made the interesting suggestion that it would be possible for anyone with the time for the necessary research to discover a marked change in predominating musical rhythms dating from the invention of the railway, after which the regular beat of the wheels became a familiar influence. I did nothing about this at the time because I was waiting for a grilled sole, which always means delay, but since then I have been working on the subject and as a matter of fact I have been able to find no connection whatever.

EVACUSTES HAM (ret.)

CHILDREN'S SONG.—Thirty years ago children in the streets of East London

used to dance to a rhyme running somewhat as follows:

*Meat is sweetest next the bone,
Fruit is sourest next the stone,
Voice is loudest next the 'phone.*

But not for long. In those days this was because of the approach of a policeman, but of course the Force is much under strength these days, and there must surely be a few more lines. J. Q.

"TIMES" CORRESPONDENCE.—I wish to establish the date of an advertisement cut from a copy of *The Times*. It shows only the rather uninteresting side of a factory, but on the back is the following from the paper's daily contents list:

Correspondence:

The Place of Coal in the Youth Movement (Dr. O. S. Clunworthy, Lord Scrooge, Mr. E. J. Hole and the Archbishop of the Atlantic) 7
A Lost Umbrella (Mrs. A. Upp) 7
Overtaking in Reverse (Secretary, Pedestrians' Union) 7

Shaving-Mugs in Andalusia (Mr. A. J. W. Spood) 7
The Cleethorpes Fund (Miss A. Smith) 7
Translation of Esperanto (Rev. B. W. Coggle) 7
Fleas 7

Can any reader help? I think the advertisement is for some kind of vehicle.
S. W. N.

BERKELEY'S TAR-WATER.—Is it possible to . . . (etc.)

Glimpse of the Great

"Sir Winston Churchill, for instance, seldom goes to bed before 2 a.m., and is inordinately fond of chicken broth.

At midnight a tureen of it is always ready in his state-room patience. A candle always him several cups during the next hour or two as he sits alone in his cabin playing pantry. And his valet serves burns in the cabin so he can light his cigar if it goes out."

Sunday Times, Singapore

The Rake's Progress : The Actor

By RONALD SEARLE



1. OVERTURE A bonny lad, but witless. Shines in fit-up tour of Private Lives. Sends press cuttings to Old Vic. Gets them back. Complains to Equity.



2. SUCCESS Finds old 'Stage' in the Salisbury-lands job with Donald Wolfil. Spotted by talent scout. Raised by Harold Hobson. Flown to Hollywood.



3. TRIUMPH Dr Johnson in musical version of Boswell. Oscar. Life story in 'Collins'. Man of Distinction. Sends donation to Old Vic.



4. TEMPTATION On location in Capri with prominent Continental Starlet. Weds. Immediate offers from Jack Hylton and Old Vic. Chooses Old Vic.



5. DOWNFALL Insists on Lear. Underplays in American account. Iver Brown carried out screaming. Divorced for mental cruelty.



6. RUIN Sells ex-wife's life story to 'Reveille'. Starts own repertory company. Reserve Hoop-la attendant at Theatrical Garden Party.

*Diary of a Tramp***The Road to Freedom**

By RONALD DUNCAN

ANTICIPATION is the sweetest thing and that applies to Ascot. The pleasure lies in getting there, not in arriving or returning. Before I achieved my freedom there was nothing I used to enjoy more than the leisurely drive down to the royal course past lilac and laburnum. But the experience was too brief. By becoming a tramp I have rectified this: it usually takes me at least a month now to get to Ascot, for May generally finds me in Cornwall.

With the Gold Cup as my objective I have the whole carpet of Devon, Somerset and Wiltshire before me. If leisure were the privilege of princes, there'd be no king so royal as I. My progress is deliberate, dignified and slow. Evenings curtsy before me and I bid each morning rise with the pronouncement that I am on my way to Ascot. The only thing that spoils the picture is my shirt. It floated away from me when I was washing it in the River Dart. Well, that's no matter. Its absence will seem appropriate after the races—if I have not managed to snaffle one by then from some good woman's clothes line. Charity sometimes has to be taken.

Ambling through these lanes leading to Exeter, where the foxgloves stand like sentries in the hedge, I derive enormous personal satisfaction from watching farmers taking their first cut of silage, drilling their kale, mangolds and turnips. When you own nothing at all everything is yours. I applaud their industry; every improvement gratifies me as one to my own estate. For I am England's only freeholder, slave to nobody and no-one beholden to me.

Don't let me rub it in. Here I am this morning, walking beneath a waterfall of larks, up to my knees in the surf of honeysuckle scent, with a month as my moment and a whole county to stretch in. And there you all sit surrounded by bits of paper in order to earn bits of paper. I must say I find your servitude incomprehensible. No Nubian slave was such a slave as you who, forging your own shackles, sell yourselves below your worth to a master who has no mercy. You are your own overseers in a galley

where invisible chains bind you and ambition's hammer keeps the ruthless, endless beat.

Don't, I repeat, let me rub it in. But it would not surprise me on reaching Exeter this beautiful morning were I to witness hundreds of desks being thrown out of windows, piles of files burned in the market place and cascades of people dancing out of every office. I can imagine the headlines:

"Civil Servants take to Savernake Forest . . ."

"Insurance agents strike for bare feet . . ."

"Law at a standstill, the Bar gone fishing . . ."

I visualize the pictures too: shopgirls leaving their shops, Londoners taking to the lakes, and a million predatory typists out hunting England's last male over the Pennines in packs. That would be news I could understand. I feel evangelical, but it is you who are in the wilderness. Though I don't suppose you will follow me out into the wide, wide world!

That's odd—no sooner had that appeal passed my lips than I heard the sound of feet behind me. That is the worst of talking to yourself: you're so surprised when you get an answer. I glance over my shoulder quickly, full of apprehension that I have turned into the pied piper.

It is worse than that. I am being overtaken, no, overrun by some of those people whose very name no self-respecting tramp can bring himself to mention—hikers. These are my *bête noire*. To any tramp they are anathema.

Now a horde of these hairy-chested, bare-kneed creatures is around me; with sunburnt faces and hearty raucous laughter they march beside me. They have no respect for the leisure of the road.

"Keep up, granddad; put your best foot forward!"

I am not amused. Any moment they will start singing some dreadfully cheerful song. I try to lag behind; they slow down.

"Where you heading for, granddad?"

"Ascot," I reply, and instantly regret it.

They roar with laughter. With so much webbing and khaki all around me I feel I have wandered inadvertently on to the veld with Rudyard Kipling. Even the females of this species are loaded and trussed with their harness and pack. With only a spoon and a knife in my pocket, I look scornfully at their load. And their horribly muscular legs. I know the word to pique them.

"I suppose you're a party of rambles?" I ask innocently.

This insult sends them on ahead again. I fling myself into the ditch and cover my ears to drown their song.

I'm sorry I spoke. Forget what I said. Stay where you are. Forge new shackles. You keep to your desks or I'll have to return to mine.

"This kindness was acknowledged by the Caernarvon Town Council, who gave a commemorative plaque to the people of Durban. This was delivered to the Mayor of Durban by Mr. Evans."

Denbigh Herald and North Wales Observer
A volunteer, no doubt.





SO it is called; and there they are, fifty or more of them, big, bright birds cluttering the shore.

Beautiful, at this moment, they are not; no swan that respects legend would ever come out of water till after dark. If its top half belongs to ballet, what of the lower? Policemen in nightshirts have been mentioned in this connection. I am sure Leda never met hers walking.

However, here in the evening sun they seem determined to show everything, preening themselves, waddling, scratching under one wing. Good-bye, violins. Welcome, social security. It's the old story.

The wedge of rubbly beach where they have gathered separates two huddles of boats, houseboats of a miscellaneous order, among which are barges and landing-craft, a couple of small yachts, a floating dock, a ribbed hulk, all (with the exception of the last) conditioned for living. It is high tide; the boats

sway gently, groan, nudge one another, and a passing tug will impart agitation. "Chelsea Yacht Club" is the name on the biggest craft, which seems to combine the offices of porter's lodge and estate management.

If for the swans the struggle is over, the shore gained, the human inhabitants of the reach have won no such victory. Money has walked in at one end of Chelsea, and they've popped out at the other: so at least, from a distance, I've always assumed. But Chelsea carries so many drifts, what with painters and pensioners, china shepherdesses, buns, traditional losses at football, an arts ball and a flower show—heaven knows what else—a physic garden—that I may well be wrong. I have never been one to plant roses round an old bus or find equilibrium in a windmill, and no doubt I underrate the urban life afloat.

A year or two ago I was introduced to a barge-home in the Hague, a model of Dutch tidiness, with a water square almost to itself, but with everything (including a nursery and a dark-room, the owner being a photographer with children) so fitting with everything else that a step from one room to another involved Cox-and-Box exchanges of the furniture. I admired. I was horrified. Such permutations were not for me. My Dutch acquaintance, a widower, seemed to find consolation in the tight embrace of his new home.

Once even, in the ditch days after the war, I looked into a houseboat at Kingston-on-Thames: fortunately the price—£3,000—and some confusion over sewage and a bathers' paradise nearby rendered the idea fantastic.

However, Chelsea has had stronger claims. (That swan, now, stumping up to others in conference—whom does it remind one of? The late Ernest Bevin, surely!) It was always a dream of mine to live on the river—on meaning, for this purpose, beside. Everywhere I listened for the tugs, and after a hard day I'd hurry down to one of the bridges for a blow. Pope's grotto at Twickenham, with its camera obscura, brought the flowing waters on to his very walls—what an idea that was! Such a cinema would be mine also; I'd incarcerate Thames; switching on the light, if not to seashells, then to the appurtenances of a sitting-room in Southwark or Pimlico. It had to be at the hub; the more vast and unbeautiful

London grows the more a real Londoner wants to be held fast. And what else, like the river, can soften our urbanity and open skies wide? Once or more a week I enjoy making the walk—which leaves the riverside only a couple of times—from Blackfriars to Chelsea. I have never found, at my price, the Thames-endowed flat I'm looking for, but it exercises my affections. I have got to know my scene in all climates and moods, the tugs pulling their train crabwise under bridges, hayloads in the fog, swans nosing their way along wharves, Nine Elms yard and Battersea Power Station, the beautiful sad Embankment lamps strung to infinity. On the Embankment, no doubt, I shall end—no, I'm forgetting, that's frowned on to-day.

And now—when it may be too late—I am about to board this floating hamlet within a crow's view of Charing Cross. "For Sale" notices catch my eye. I cross the deck of the "Chelsea Yacht Club," grasp a rail—none too confidently—and step on the next boat; and so from deck to deck, rail to rail, making my way to the landing-craft where I'm invited.

It's a snug light cabin down steps, with a tiny stove, a window seat, a wall table at which my hostess has been busy painting and dressing little plaster statues of cavalry. I am warned against putting the sherry decanter on the mantelpiece; there may be a tug, silent for once, passing. "Diz," who is with me, goes up on deck to sketch the swans which are almost next door.

Have they names? No, just "the swans," like "the chickens." You feed them, but no egg for breakfast, no roast swan on Sundays.

I learn that the boat, converted, cost

£600, and a first floor could be added for another hundred; fees, to the Chelsea Yacht Club, £5 a month all-in; two rooms, kitchen, and bathroom; main electric, telephone hoped for; handyman to cart off refuse, etc.; tank filled every day with fresh water; no rates to pay, and an address in Cheyne Row.

"I'd much rather live *there*, of course," adds our hostess, nodding shoreward.

There is quite a charm in the easy rocking, the clack of waves, glimpses and sounds of the river. Once, I am told, they all woke up to find they'd drifted into mid-stream. Everyone knows everyone else: medical students, a painter of the view upstream, a mysterious Hungarian with an infant, a talented young star of stage and screen, and two of the "politically-conscious" who spring out when one passes, exclaiming "Quiet! baby asleep!" For good or bad they're lulled together, tilted and then lulled again by the tides.

The snags seem to be feeling your way in the dark, shovelling snow off the roof, pumping out (once a month) the bilgewater which condenses everywhere if you try to get up a fug. Summer's the time, and Sunday the day.

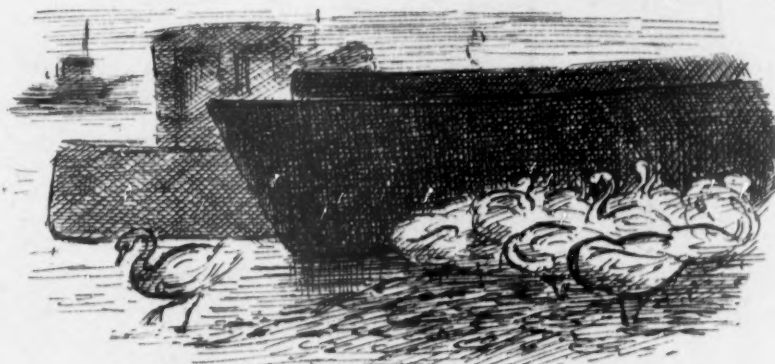
I am tempted, though not very seriously, as I might have been at twenty-five.

"Diz" comes in, feeling the cold, and saying he'll have to pay another visit. The gang-planks interest him.

"They terrify me," I say.

It's getting late, and we climb on deck. And there at last, gliding, all in white, stage-lit, frowning on their reflections, are three swans. Dear, dirty river, how could I ever live without you? But *with* you—impossible!

G. W. STONIER



Six Valiant Bulls

By ROBERT GRAVES

DEAREST AUNT MAY,—You will never guess what happened to me yesterday, which was Ascension Day, besides being my birthday! I met our new postman at the front door and collected your "Now you are 11" birthday card—thanks awfully! He was a young man with very long hair, and wanted to know what the card meant. So I told him. Then he asked if I was acquainted with the foreign family Esk. I said "No, but show me the letters, please!" and they were all for father, ten of them—"William Smith, Esq."—the postman had had them for a

week! So we were both very pleased. Then I mentioned that Señor Colom was taking me to the bullfight for a birthday treat, and his face lighted up like a Chinese lantern. I asked "Are they brave bulls?" and he said "Daughter, they are an escandal!" and I asked "How an escandal?" And he explained that Poblet, the senior matador, had written to his friend Don Ramon, who had a bull farm near Jerez and was supplying the six bulls for the fight, to send him underweight ones, because he wasn't feeling very well after gripe and neither were the two other matadors,

Calvo and Broncito; and he'd pay Don Ramon well and arrange things quietly with the Bull Ring management. So everything was fixed; until the new Captain-General of Majorca, who's President of the Ring and very correct, went to see the bulls as they came ashore. He took one look and said "Weigh them!" So they put them on the scales and they weighed about half a ton less than the proper weight. So he said "Send them back at once and telephone for more." The second lot had just arrived by steamer. The new postman told me that they were a disaster, and looked like very especial dangerous insects.

My friend Señor Colom is really a music critic, but that position is worth nothing, only a few pesetas a week; he gets his living from being a bull critic. A regular matador earns about two or three thousand pounds a fight, so his agent can afford to pay the critics well to say how much genius and valour he has, even if he hasn't.

Anyhow, Señor and Señora and I went, and the American fleet was in port and two American sailors sat next to us. It seems that the Captain-General had measured the bulls' horns himself and told the herdsman: "When these beasts are dead I will measure their horns again. If they have been shortened and re-pointed, someone will go to prison." Then he had checked the pics to see that they didn't have longer points than is allowed, and also sent a vet to see that nobody gave the bulls a laxative to make them weak. So it was going to be fun.

The Captain-General was in the President's box and after the march-past he waved his handkerchief and the trumpets blew and the first bull was let loose. He was a great cathedral of a bull, and rushed out like the Angel of Death. But when the cape-men came out and began to cape him there was a sudden growl and loud protests and everyone shouted "*Bizgo! Bizgo!*" which meant that the bull was squint-eyed and wouldn't answer to the cape. So the Captain-General sent the bull away, and Poblet, who should have fought it, gave a nasty grin, because there were no substitute bulls. One had got drowned when he slipped off the gang-plank of the steamer, and another



"You promised to pass on your new copy of Crockford's."

had got horned by a friend. The Captain-General looked furious.

The next bull was very fierce, and the cape-men ran for their lives behind the shelters. One of them couldn't quite get there, so he dashed for the wooden wall and shinned up and escaped into the passage behind. The bull jumped right over the wall after him and broke a news-photographer's camera and spectacles, and gave him an awful fright. The crowd laughed like anything. Then the trumpets blew again and "in came the cavalry," as Señor Colom always calls the picadors. The bull went smack at the first horse before the peon who led it had got it into position, and knocked all the wind out of its body. The picador was underneath kicking with his free boot at the bull's nose. One of the two American sailors fainted, and his friend had to carry him out. Four more American sailors fainted in different parts of the ring; they are a very sensitive class of people.

This bull was Broncito's. Broncito is a gipsy and engaged to Calvo's sister. He is very superstitious, and that morning had met three nuns walking in a row, and told Calvo he wouldn't fight. Calvo said "Then you will never be my brother-in-law. Would you disgrace me before the public? Would you have me kill your bulls for you, as well as my own? I don't like them any more than you do." So Broncito promised to fight. Well, the picador wasn't hurt, they never are. The cape-men drew the bull away and the peons got the horse up again, and it seemed none the worse. And the picadors did their work well and so did the banderilleros. But Broncito was trembling. He made a few poor passes, standing as far away as he could, and then offered up a prayer to the Virgin of Safety, the one who saves matadors from death by drawing the bull away with a twitch of her blue cape. The bull happened to be in the right position, standing with his legs apart, so Broncito lunged and actually killed it in one. The public was furious because he hadn't played the bull at all, hardly, and the play is what they pay to see.

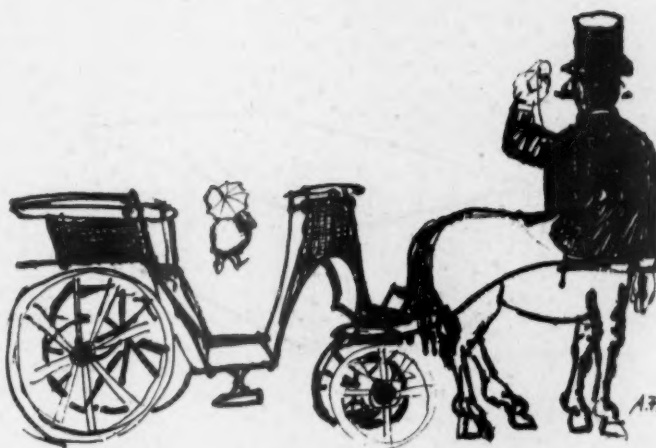
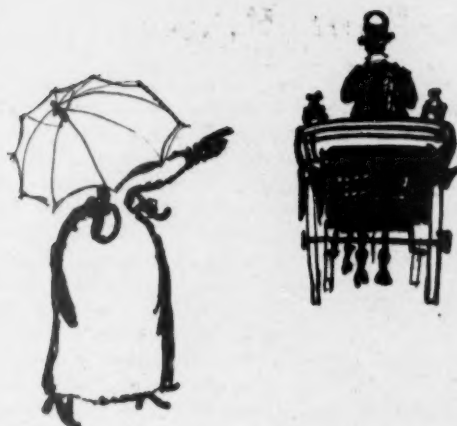
The third bull was Calvo's and Calvo was terribly valiant because he was so ashamed of Broncito. He made dozens of beautiful passes, high and low, also veronicas and some butterfly passes which everyone but Señor Colom thought wonderful. He had known the

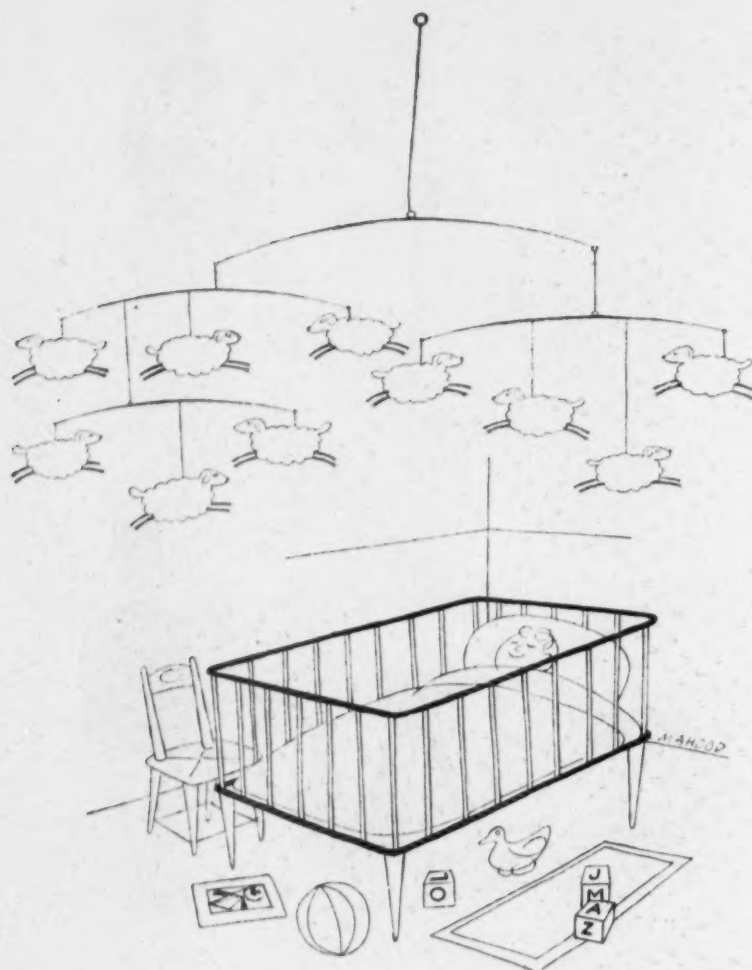
great Marcial Lalanda who invented them, and said that Calvo's were both jerky and ungenial; though, of course, he couldn't write that for his paper. Calvo killed after two tries and was rewarded with both ears. His chief peon cut off the tail too, and gave it to him, but the Captain-General had signalled only for the ears, so the peon got fined 500 pesetas for presumption.

After the interval, with monkey-nuts and mineral water, it was Poblet's turn again. His bull came wandering in very tranquilly, had a good look round and then lay down in the middle of the ring. After a lot of prodding and taunting of which he took no notice, they had to send for a team of white and black oxen, with bells, who came gambolling into the ring and coaxed him out again. Do you know the story of Ferdinand the Bull? It ends all wrong. Bulls like

Ferdinand don't go back to the farm to eat daisies. I'm afraid they get shot outside the ring by the Civil Guard, like deserters in battle.

The public was getting impatient. It booed and cat-called like anything, but the fifth bull (Broncito's again) was a super-cathedral; soap-coloured and with horns like an elephant's tuaks. Broncito was sick with horror, and when both the horses had been knocked down before the picadors could use their pics, and only one banderillero had been tall enough to plant his pair of darts well, he went white as a sheet. He pretended to play the bull but it chased him all over the place and the crowd roared with laughter and made rude jokes. So he shook his fist at them and called for the red *muleta* and sword and then, guess what! He murdered the bull, with a side-pass into his lungs instead of





properly between the shoulder-blades. There was an awful hush from the Spaniards, who couldn't believe their eyes—it was like shooting a fox; but tremendous cheers came from the American sailors, who thought Broncito had been very clever. Then, of course, the cheers were drowned by a most frantic booing, and the Captain-General sprang to his feet and cursed terribly. The next thing was that two *guardias* marched Broncito off to prison.

The last bull was easily the best of the six and Calvo was more anxious than ever to show off. He wanted both ears and the tail and the foot (which is almost never given), and when he came to play the bull he dedicated it to the public and did wonderful, wonderful, fantastic things. There's a sort of ledge running round the wooden wall which helps

cape-men when they scramble to safety. He sat down on it, to allow himself no room to escape from a charge, and did his passes there. Afterwards he knelt and let the bull's horns graze the gold braid on his chest. And did several *estupendous* veronicas and then suddenly walked away, turning his back to the bull, which was left looking silly. Calvo had waved all his cape-men far away and the crowd went wild with joy. But some idiot threw his hat into the ring, which took the bull's attention from the *muleta*, and Calvo got horned in the upper leg and tossed up and thrown down. Then the bull tried to kill him. I don't know how many more sailors fainted; I was too busy to count.

Suddenly an *espontaneo* in grey uniform with long hair simply hurled himself into the ring and grabbed Calvo's

sword and red *muleta* and drew the bull off. It was our sloppy new postman! And while peons carried Calvo to the surgery, he played the bull very valiantly and got apotheosistical cheers, louder even than Calvo's, and the Captain-General himself applauded, although the postman was committing a crime. Everyone expected Poblet to enter and finish off the bull, but Poblet had now also been arrested for insulting the lieutenant of the Civil Guard for insulting Broncito; so there was no other proper matador left. But Calvo petitioned that the postman should be allowed to finish off the bull, for having saved his life. The Captain-General consented and, when I waved madly, the postman recognized my yellow frock and rededicated the bull to me—me, Aunt May! Because it was my birthday and because of the Esq. And though the poor boy was rustic and quite without art, as Señor Colom said (and wrote), he managed to kill his enemy at the second try.

Then, of course, he was arrested too. All *espontaneos* are.

But the Captain-General let him off with a caution and a big box of real Havana cigars.

Ever your loving niece,

MARGARET SMITH

Sanctuary

Two new nature reserves, one for birds and one for butterflies, are announced by the Nature Conservancy

CAN we fail to be touched by the thought

That the pink-footed goose is secure,
That by means of an Act
There's a Somerset tract

Where his numbers need never grow
fewer?

Can we fail to respond with a glow
To the news that our butterflies rare
Have been granted, for good,
A Northamptonshire wood,
And can live all inviolate there?

Can we fail to exclaim with surprise
At this truly benevolent plan,
Which so selflessly brings
To small creatures with wings
What we can't seem to manage for
man? J. B. BOOTHROYD

Call Me Cheetah

By J. P. DONLEAVY

OUR host, this tall friendly man, brought us through his kitchen to the garage to pick out a car to take us home. I said I would like blue. And we went off down the parkway at 3 a.m. through the scratchy trees. We talked of service, armies and navies. One said he had to go in the draft soon and another had been. He said he got in a band and played the piano and that it was all right. Jack said it was the indignity of it.

There was some snow in tiny piles along the road and the north sides of trees. And I said in the navy I was a tough man to get to work. And told them how they lined up ten thousand men every morning, me among them, to read off the names and then compress them all together, slicing sections off the ends for working parties. And they never got me. They kept us out in the open but I would leap out of this dark gathering with all their white hats and streak away to get lost between the quonset huts with them after me, dozens of them. I loved it. And they were waiting for me to do it with extra guards posted everywhere to stop me getting away. A cheer went up from the ranks when I struck out for liberty or library for the lazy morning behind the magazine. I could hear them yelling get that wise guy and from the big brass boss man with the microphone up there screaming quite crazily, by God stop him, stop him, get that man, get him. There is an animal. Called a cheetah. I ran streamlined against the wind. Naturally I practised every day. At times I was aghast at my nerve but my little heart was tempted by applause. It got so that these ten thousand men would wait in miraculous silence for me to make my break and I think the boss man was getting worried about the prestige of the service at stake or get me and make an example. I think he yelled once that I'll see you get ten years if it's the last thing I do. This latter quite understandably made me think and of course travel faster.

And that one and last morning when they almost got me. Several jeeps were ordered on the scene, brimming with these brutes. Distasteful types brave with clubs. I was careful to look for lethal weapons. Roll call was taken and

then the sections pushed together. I waited looking up into this Virginia sky all cold, rolling out to sea over this silence and no peep from anyone. I've got to do it, please don't let them get me. My brains and feet against their clubs and wheels. I can't help savouring it and there they are ready on all sides. They knew the general section of the crowd I would leap from but they weren't taking any chances, cars patrolling up and down, eagle eyes on every face and people shining innocence back. Me too. But after my usual pause for the tension that's in it, I began to get sceptical, a jeep had stopped right in front of me. For a second I thought they might know it was me but one of the men pointed to a chap up a bit and said watch that jerk there it looks like him.

I put my collar up a little higher and got my cap down. Half a minute went by and smiles appearing on guards' faces. That was it. I was off. I ran straight at them. Whoa. Those clubs raised up in the sky, this means detour for sure. A massive fantastic cheer went up and another as I swerved up the road executing my first dodge. As they were getting out of the jeep the driver

started off and three guards were thrown to the ground, thank God. There was a laugh. The officer in charge was screaming such gibberish that I almost stopped to listen.

I made for the huts weaving my way away. Feet behind me and then a guard stepped out in front, wow, they were in earnest. This guard managed to say his last words first. I got him with his own club. But he slowed me down and I had only one hope left. Bizarre deception. I ran into a hut and out the other end to shake them off and quickly into another, taking off my coat and jumper, hat too, and proceeded out the other end casually, suppressing the breath to walk over to a wash-stand and plunge my garments into the water.

As I stood there busily scrubbing this man came puffing around the corner. He stopped, looked at me. I said to him, say you guys still after that crazy fool? He said something quite obscene to me.

These Damned Modern Hair-do's
"Woman Wins Sheep Contest"
Daily Telegraph



The Bloggs Case

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Letter from Mr. Cut, Receiver of Matrimony, to Mr. Thrust, Permanent Commissioner of Matrimonial Affairs

DEAR TOMMY,—I send you a note about the case of Mr. and Mrs. Bloggs. The facts, simply, are that Mrs. Bloggs was called up for National Service on the outbreak of war and for a variety of reasons, which we need not go into, has been retained in the Services up to the present. Now on her release it is clearly in the national interest that she be sent to live in Kidderminster, there being a shortage of women in that town. Mr. Bloggs, however, who lives in Exeter, somewhat unreasonably maintains that his wife should be allowed to return to him and alleges that Mrs. Bloggs is indeed herself anxious to return—an allegation that seems to be true but can hardly be thought to have much bearing on the case. I confidently hope that you will see your way to supporting me in my direction that Mrs. Bloggs should be sent to Kidderminster.

Yours ever,
BOB

Letter from Mr. Thrust to Mr. Cut

DEAR BOB,—Thanks so much for giving me lunch yesterday at the Club. As you know, the Matrimonial Board

nominally consists of three Commissioners, two *ex-officio* Commissioners, the Dean of Canterbury and the Secretary of State for Scotland, and one Permanent Commissioner, myself, but as the Board has not met since 1863, shortly after I took office, we can go ahead on the assumption that the decision rests with us and that there is no need to show the papers to anybody else. Naturally I agree entirely with the line that you have taken about this tiresome Bloggs. If people are going to be allowed to choose for themselves who they live with we shall indeed be in a pretty mess. After the way that Bloggs has behaved—pressing for a public inquiry and heaven knows what else—it is indeed fairly obvious that there can be no question of allowing him to have a wife. It would be most unsuitable. Still, we have to remember that there was some sort of commitment given by the Office at the time of the National Service Act that, as a general rule, other things being equal, wives on demobilization should, in the event that both parties demanded it, be allowed to return to their husbands—except in special cases where the public interest—that is to say, the interest of the Office—required otherwise. Still, I think that it would be a good plan if we could

think of some form of words which might make it appear that we are paying some attention to previous ostensible commitments. What do you think?

Yours ever,
TOMMY

Statement of the Minister of Matrimony, Sir James Splice, in the House of Commons

Mr. Justice Tortshaw's report on the Bloggs case is published to-day. It will be available to Members in the Vote Office immediately after the adjournment of the House. I should like to take this opportunity of saying how deeply indebted I am to Mr. Justice Tortshaw for his exhaustive and fair-minded report. I have taken the opportunity of interviewing privately all the persons mentioned in it. As a result of these interviews I am able to take a favourable view of everything that has occurred. There is no evidence that anyone concerned has been guilty of either barratry, bigamy or murder. I have therefore decided that everybody shall be promoted, but that apart from that everything shall go on as before.

Mr. Sheep (Labour, Hogs Norton)

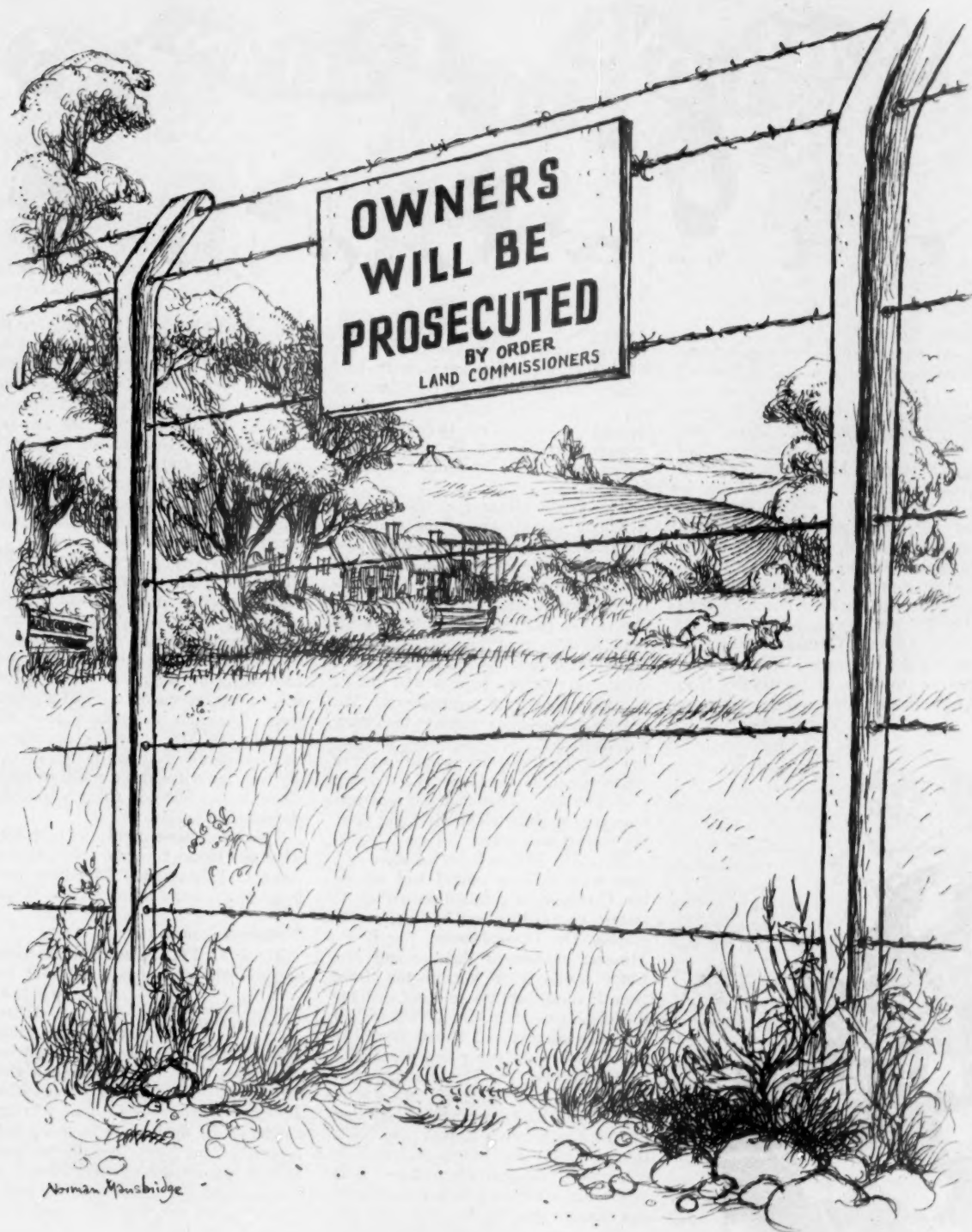
I am sure that the whole House, irrespective of party, will welcome the statement which we have just heard from the rt. hon. gentleman. There can be no wish in any quarter of the House to make party capital out of this unfortunate incident. Politics is a strange and uncertain game (*Laughter*) and there is certainly, I can assure the rt. hon. gentleman, no wish on this side of the House to set a disastrous precedent which might prevent a future Government from separating wives from their husbands or, indeed, undertaking any other measure of national reconstruction, when the public interest or any other relevant consideration happens to demand it. On that I am sure that there can be no two opinions.

"After a hot week-end Stegi has cold miserably wet days till Thursday. The rain was welcome, but the sudden sharp drop in temperature was hot."

The Times of Swaziland

Put that on your weather-chart and plot it.





CRICHEL DOWN



Tuesday, June 15

Lord SALISBURY firmly refused any further inquiry into the case of Admiral North. It remained true, he said, that the

House of Lords:
Storm at Sea
House of Commons:
All Quiet at Home

Admiralty had lost confidence in him, and the right of Service ministers to relieve officers in whom they no longer felt confidence must be maintained. The matter, fourteen years old, is now left to the judgment of history.

In the Commons, Ministers returned looking fit and more determined than ever to give nothing away. Mr. BUTLER, questioned by Mr. GAITSKELL, managed to convey the impression that travelling hopefully towards convertibility was much, much nicer than arriving.

Rumours, he said, could be discounted. But his aura of confidence left the Chamber cosy, and even managed to lend some faint warmth to the confidence he expressed in the Trustees of the Tate, despite the fact that eleven (now twelve, according to Mr. ERIC FLETCHER) of the senior staff have resigned in three months.

The Prime Minister, newly-installed a Knight Companion of the Order of the Garter, was acclaimed when he rose to say as little as possible about the defence of South-East Asia. To a supplementary question he replied, equally cheerfully, that he had intended his reply to dispose of five other questions on the same topic. A few minutes later, on a point of order, he regretted that he had left unanswered a question by Mr. WYATT, whom he referred to his earlier statement. He did, however, say that the Foreign Secretary would make a full statement on the Geneva Conference next Tuesday. This sent the reporters scurrying to their telephones; and there the matter was left.

After Mr. BEVINS (who has after all a very wide field to cover) had denied the Government's intention either to restart excavations at Avebury or to employ Dr. Oppenheimer, the Prime Minister announced that he and Mr. EDEN would visit Washington from June 25; and there was another rush for the telephones while Mr. ATTLEE wished the talks success and hoped that they might lead to the other high-level talks which, he said, the House wanted.

This left Sir THOMAS DUDGALE on Crichton Down. He seemed pleased that Sir ANDREW CLARK's Report (which is a thing to chill the heart) disclosed no corruption. Moreover he had heard the explanations of the officials concerned and thought that Sir ANDREW had been unduly harsh with them. What these exculpatory facts were, and why they could not be put forward at the Inquiry, the Minister did not say. But there it

was. There had been mistakes, but the Government were bound by contract and nothing could be done. However, Commander Marten would be compensated for his "reasonable" expenses in initiating and pursuing the Inquiry. The court, having found conviction unnecessary and justice impossible, would compensate the principal prosecution witness for making possible such a jolly trial. This satisfied nobody, and more will surely be heard of it.

Before returning to the Finance Bill Members paid tribute to ARTHUR GREENWOOD in one of those curious passages when, finding themselves suddenly unanimous and completely sincere, they seem unhappy and unconvincing on their feet. The debate was an earnest one once it had got away from jokes about Balliol; and was notable for Mr. BUTLER's declaration that to him all taxation, though necessary, was an evil with no relish of moral virtue in it. The odd thing is that this should need saying.

The debate went on till after midnight, when the House turned on the adjournment to helicopters. Members went home at a quarter to one.

Wednesday, June 16

Mr. L. O. THOMAS asked the Minister of Food why a lot of skimmed milk had been poured

House of Commons:
All-Night Finance

down a disused coal-mine. Major

LLOYD-GEORGE said this happened when they had more of it than they could use. This, at least, is what he meant. What he said was "At the height of the flush more of this highly perishable product may on occasion arise at some points of production than can be disposed of economically": which suggested quantities of skimmed milk suddenly breaking out, like gushers, at unexpected places.

Would it not be better, Sir RICHARD ACLAND asked, if before trying to



Lord Salisbury

persuade the natives of Kenya to become Christians (as an antidote to Mau-Mau) we could persuade the white colonists to behave like them? The point was not without substance, but it was all a bit awkward. Mr. LYTTELTON replied, rather stuffily, that it would no doubt be better if everyone behaved more like Christians. The whole thing seemed very remote from the business of the House.

The Finance Bill was taken up at half-past three and debated until twenty past six in the morning.

Thursday, June 17

Despite their overnight exertions, Members turned out for Questions in strength and House of Commons : ready to be Landlord and Tenant amused. They were rewarded with a splendid performance by the Prime Minister, who can combine considerable flippancy with the clearest conviction that the matter is settled once and for all, and with good reason. He justified the continued association of Agriculture and Fisheries by a reference to fish and chips; declined to promise a meeting with President Eisenhower and M. Malenkov on the analogy that the Grand National course, already difficult, would be worse if the horses had to take two jumps at a time; and justified Field Marshal Montgomery's retention of the Luneberg surrender document by saying that the precedent should be an incentive to all young officers. But when Mr. THOMPSON, with all the horror of private ownership trembling in his voice, suggested that the Field Marshal had "purloined" the document the lightning flashed at once. Incidentally, Sir WINSTON pointed out that but

for the Field Marshal's decision the document would certainly by now be in American hands.

Other questions revealed that the pound is now, in this country, worth 18/11 against 20/- as recently as 1951; that six hundred pigs are under Sir THOMAS DUGDALE's suspicion; that bull-calves, at birth, are now worth more to their unwilling owners by the amount of the subsidy offered by Government to those willing to rear them; and that Mr. LYTTELTON is not interested in Mr. MCGOVERN's suggestion that the Duke of Windsor should be put forward as the new Kabaka of Buganda.

When the House took up the report stage of the Landlord and Tenant Bill the debate differed from Wednesday's as proceedings in the High Court differ from debates in the Union. The facts (if that is not too harsh a word) of economics and finance are multifarious and highly abstract. The facts of tenancy are simple and concrete; but the law is very complicated. By the time the Bill had reached the report stage it was pretty well beyond even the gifted amateur. The hobby-horsemen, the earnest humanitarians, the emotional interjectors, the business men generalizing on ill-digested figures, the bright young economists—all these were out. The Members debating were, almost without exception, not only honourable but learned; and their arguments, spare, sharp, dry and bone-hard, made excellent listening. There was a dash of stately courtesy about the whole thing, with the Speaker, friendly but incisive, commanding a respect from the floor which many judges would envy.

Nevertheless, the strong feelings which had been evident at earlier stages



"...and if we are needing a new Kabaka could not we recommend to the Lukiko the Duke of Windsor?"—Mr. McGovern

of the Bill were enough to drive the Opposition to a dogged, if urbane, resistance; and the thing was argued, amendment by amendment, with repeated divisions until half-past one in the morning.

Friday, June 18

Undaunted, and apparently unwearied, the handful of honourable and learned Members resumed the attack at 11 a.m.

and, despite an attempt to count the House out, continued it. The protagonists were the same, but in the gallery the public waited tensely for the divisions to bring out the larger fauna. It was very like Whipsnade on an afternoon of intermittent sunshine; and when, at the third division of the day, the Prime Minister sat down for a few moments on the front bench a bevy of beautiful young foreign visitors in the gallery clutched each other and rocked to and fro in visible though silent ecstasy.

P. M. HUBBARD

P. M. HUBBARD





CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Author and Critic

St. Scandalbags. Amanda M. Ros.
Edited by T. Stanley Mercer. *The Merle Press*, 15 Speer Road, Thames Ditton, 42/-

MR. MERCER has done a service to literature in preserving this admirable piece of vituperation. If the price is high, there can be little doubt that it will become in due course an item sought by collectors. The notes and other material are also of interest. Mrs. Ros stands alone. She cannot be altogether laughed off. She may be a long way from Shakespeare, but she partakes, in however infinitely minute a degree, of the Shakespearean power over language.

If there be those who have never heard of Amanda M'Kittrick Ros, let us recall that she was author of *Irene Iddesleigh* and *Delina Delaney*, together with some poems. There exists also an unpublished work—to see light, we hope, eventually—*Helen Huddleson*. The first of these novels appeared in 1897 in Belfast. By 1911 both books were sufficiently well known to be the subject of an examination paper (here reproduced) set in *Punch*, with questions and answers, by F. Anstey, author of *Vice Versa*. In 1939, at an advanced age—to use her own expressive phraseology—Mrs. Ros “joined the boundless battalion of the breathless” and “became a member of the missing majority.”

Irene Iddesleigh, the story of a baronet's wife who runs away with a tutor, was reissued by the Nonesuch Press in 1926, when it was reviewed by Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis in the *Daily Mail*. *St. Scandalbags*, of which the editor possesses no fewer than five variants, is the author's reply to this review.

Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis's notice, certainly a shade ponderous in treatment, received a terrific exhortation.

“Is there or could there be anything south of Heaven or north of Hell, more dishonourable, more degrading, more reptilian than to tarnish, with the filthiest compound a low vulgar mind is capable of inventing, the characters of the undeserving, years after they have resigned their right of existence,

thus deprived of the option or power to defend themselves against such cruel calumny? These clay-crabs of corruption, nicknamed ‘critics,’ know as well as life is a loan, that their lives are one crooked stream of dissimulation, dishonour, falsehood (with rare exceptions) and it is a wretched wail who would covet their ‘jobbery.’”

If anyone thinks such prose easy to write, let them observe the failure of Mr. (now Sir Francis) Meynell's letter



(quoted in the text) attempting to pastiche Mrs. Ros's manner.

The fact is that Amanda M'Kittrick Ros, emotionally and stylistically, is a genuine native Irish writer. Again and again, for example, she reminds the reader of James Joyce.

“Heavily laden with the garb of disappointment did the wandering woman of wayward wrong retrace her footsteps from the door for ever, and leisurely walked down the artistic avenue of carpeted care, never more to face the furrowed frowns of friends

who, in years gone by, bestowed on her the praise of poetic powers.”

Irene Iddesleigh

“Onward to the dead sea they tramp to drink, unslaked and with horrible gulplings, the salt somnolent inextinguishable flood. And the equine portent grows again, magnified in the deserted heavens, nay to heaven's own magnitude till it looms, vast, over the house of Virgo.—*Ulysses*

However, to return to *St. Scandalbags*, the Critic, apropos of the book's illustrations, had referred to the trousers worn by a character in an illustration to one of Charlotte Yonge's novels.

It is in this connection that Mrs. Ros wrote:

“Beaten down by a caustic tongue
Deploping the death of his pen
He falls a victim to ‘Charlotte Yonge’
And yearns for her ‘trousers’ again.
Which don't resemble the age now dead
They're shorter by inches far
And are closed all round with a pinky red
As a trade-mark of female war.”

She had some right to be annoyed, for the pictures in her own book had been none of her own choosing, and had elsewhere aroused facetious critical comment.

Anstey's examination paper deals with some of the better known felicities of the novels. For example:

Question: How may we infer from a casual remark of Lord Gifford's that he had his doubts as to his cousin's claim to be addressed as “Lady” Mattie?

Answer: “Lady Mattie (Heaven knows who died, or if anyone died and legacied her the title).”

All who know Mrs. Ros's work will welcome *St. Scandalbags*. Others may be tempted by it to explore her haunting pages.

ANTHONY POWELL

Pot Luck

A Bewilderment of Birds. J. K. Stanford. *Hart-Davis*, 18/-

Bird books pour out—books designed to help the amateur watcher make his identifications, books on “behaviour patterns” (that tell you, for instance, to

what extent a herring gull is disconcerted by the substitution of square eggs), books that just ramble on pleasantly about siskins and happy days on sewage farms. Colonel Stanford's new book has at any rate the merit of being different. The author is a "collector." As a boy in East Anglia he soon learnt that sight-identifications of rare birds are apt to be disbelieved, whereas a dead specimen is unarguable; and when later on Fate (a prominent character in his book) took him to Burma the roar of his gun repeatedly announced that another rarity had become rarer still.

Colonel Stanford has added much to our knowledge of the birds of Burma and enriched many museums with the skins of shrike-babblers and bulbuls, trogons and Blyth's kingfisher ("I got it on the Nyaunggyo stream one day when I was in a great hurry"), and he writes enthusiastically of the fun that birds have given him as objects both to observe and to destroy. As the blurb says "This is a book about birds so unusual that it does not require a bird-lover to enjoy it." No indeed.

H. F. E.

Primitive Heritage. Edited by Margaret Mead and Nicolas Calas. *Gollancz*, 21/-

One is not told where the Abipones lived, and without scavenging into indexes it is difficult to discover at what date they practised the odd habit of sending a crier round to say that the word for, say, "lion" was changed, and no one thenceforth was to use the old word. One is left to reflect with surprise how we have driven our taboos out to the decorative fringes of our civilization, such as hunting and dancing; only at public schools is the necessary flow of life now much clogged with them. This anthology of the habits and beliefs of primitive peoples from birth to death, collected from many literary and anthropological sources, is very entertaining, and also reminds one startlingly of the way in which man in his "natural" state patterned his life with a mixture of formal cruelty and formal obscenity.

P. D.

Cricket Cauldron. Alex Bannister. *Stanley Paul*, 12/6

At times the M.C.C. tour of the West Indies last winter degenerated into a forced march through hostile territory. Tempers frayed, unpardonable things were done and said, umpires walked in fear and trembling, bottles were thrown and riot squads were called out. It was not a very pleasant tour for Hutton and company. Yet, surprisingly, there was much good cricket, and the friendship of the two teams survived a surfeit of bumpers and indifferent umpiring.

Alex Bannister's book reports this Test series in the crisp, matter-of-fact style of the competent journalist, and for this most cricket lovers will be grateful. There were too many hotheads in the West Indies both on and off the field, and

far too many impassioned and inaccurate accounts of the day-by-day play were written by visiting and native reporters.

Soon the Australians will be in this hot spot, and one suspects that they will find the opposition much more tough in every way than during the last disastrous West Indies trip "down under." My money will be on the calypso boys.

A. B. H.

The Charm of Hours. Peter Skelton. *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6

A first novel about adolescence, set in a Dutch seaside resort shortly before the war. Mr. Skelton is undoubtedly a man of sensibility, but even for the vague sprawling confusions of boyhood sensibility needs a point of focus. As it is, the seaside town of Zarmdorn (helped by one of Mr. Lynton Lamb's most fetching dust-wrappers) comes off fairly well, though Mr. Skelton's prose is so tortuous, so Sitwellian, so overloaded with subordinate clauses, that sand-dunes, spray and glinting beaches tend to blur before one gets to the end of them.

For the rest, however, this novel is a vapid affair, derivative in its preoccupations, flabby in character. There is neither action nor wit. The young hero's only activity consists in watching through his binoculars girls bicycling. He is fairly limp about that. Subsequent volumes are, it seems, to follow, but unless they are both more incisive and more purposeful they will not engage the attention for long. Introspective writing needs more energy than this.

A. R.

Tiger Squadron Wing Commander Ira Jones. *Allen*, 15/-

In writing what is said to be the history of one of the greatest Fighter Squadrons

of all time, Wing Commander Ira (Taffy) Jones, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., M.M., gives one the impression that it is essential to epitomize his autobiography to enable him to narrate the activities of 74 Squadron from the time of its formation in World War I. The tactical lessons in air fighting learned in World War I expounded by the author during World War II for the benefit of many of the "few" were recorded in his diary which forms the basis for the majority of this book.

The tempo of the air battles, although so much faster in the 1939-45 war, still involved basic principles similar to those employed so successfully by Major Mannoek who was the C.O. of 74 Squadron in the first World War, until he was killed towards the end of July 1918. The activity of 74 Squadron in the Battle of Britain under the command of Group Captain "Sailor" Malan, who was credited with destroying twenty-nine enemy aircraft, is recorded with the help of extracts from the pilots' combat reports. A book of particular interest to anyone connected with 74 Squadron and of general interest to anyone interested in air fighting, it is more concerned with tactics than with portraying a gripping picture of air combat.

A. V.

The World in the Evening. Christopher Isherwood. *Methuen*, 12/6

Rich, weak, treacherous Stephen Monk has let down both his famous novelist wife, who, sensitive and understanding to the end, dies on him, and his harum-scarum, promiscuous second wife. After an accident that is really his own doing, he is nursed by his old Quaker aunt and a German refugee who is waiting news of her husband's escape. To pass the time between the visits of his sexually abnormal doctor he reads some of his dead wife's letters, remembers the course of his love-life and emerges rather more adult and quite prepared to believe that the Quakers have got something.

There is a well-judged blend of sex, psychology and, if not religion, deep thoughts in this slick confection, together with a display of such technical expertise as is involved in the time-shift. Aimed apparently at that "woman's public" of which male advertising agents like to talk, it is quite readable until about half way, where wading through the treacle becomes increasingly hard work. The author's name at the head of this notice is not a misprint.

R. G. G. P.

AT THE PICTURES

Father Brown—Below the Sahara



IT is very difficult to prevent oneself—I mean myself—from being prejudiced against a film by the phenomenon of the proprietary audience. It is totally unfair to be so influenced, and I do my best to guard against it; but



"Fancy the montage being so vieux-jeu when the décolletage was so avant-garde."

to be surrounded by people whose rapture (I suspect—perhaps unreasonably) has nothing at all to do with the real merit of what they are watching makes one's—I mean my—attitude to it rather unduly detached and suspicious. Even the press show of *Father Brown* (Director: ROBERT HAMER) had, I think, quite a large attendance of people who would have been just as delighted by all of it if it had been badly done. Any public showing will undoubtedly attract a still greater proportion of such uncritical fans, and I could easily allow myself to be irritated by the mere thought of them . . .

Except that *Father Brown* is very well done and amusing, and I quite certainly enjoyed it. ALEC GUINNESS is hardly the right shape for G. K. CHESTERTON's tubby little priest, but his version of the character seems so absolutely right that after the first minutes this point is quite forgotten.

The narrative itself is rather less in the Chestertonian key. It is based broadly on the first story, "The Blue Cross," and many of the circumstances of that story appear, but they are combined with others that seem unlikely (I put it no more strongly than that, for it is too long since I read the *Father Brown* books) to have appealed to CHESTERTON. Would he ever—for instance—have rounded off an episode with the implication that Flambeau, that great aesthetically-minded thief, was about to be saved for respectability by love of one of *Father Brown's* beautiful parishioners? Well, I don't remember; perhaps he would.

There are several points in the story where *Father Brown* is helped not by psychological insight but by sheer coincidence, and that is uncharacteristic too; but as a whole the piece is well worthy of its original. PETER FINCH as Flambeau and BERNARD LEE as the hard-driven Scotland Yard inspector fit perfectly into the mood, CECIL PARKER is an admirable exasperated Bishop, and in a host of good small-part players ERNEST THESIGER stands out as an antiquarian Vicomte who calls up some unexpected associations by remarking that he has a rendezvous with the Duchesse de Guermantes.

Some weeks ago, referring to the fact that fiction about Africa was box-office, I suggested that it was curious that the details distinguishing it from fiction about anywhere else would not attract anything like as big an audience if presented straight, in a documentary. Now comes just such a documentary, *Below the Sahara* (Director: ARMAND DENIS), and I don't see how anybody could fail to enjoy it; but I am certain that, given the choice between this and a film combining only half these fascinating pictures of animals with a commonplace love story (the animals being shown as what the fictional characters could see when not looking at each other), an enormous majority of moviegoers would choose the latter.

I can at least emphasize that there is not a dull or uninteresting moment in the film. Giraffes, rhinos, elephants, zebras, the tame crested crane at the

meal-table, huge tortoises, marabou storks, hyenas, the porcupine chased and captured in a blanket, leopards, flamingoes, gannets, penguins (listening doubtfully to the radio), cheetahs, hippos cavernously yawning, gazelles, ostriches, crocodiles, sea-lions, gorillas . . . impossible to mention all the animals. Would you really prefer to see them at one more remove, through the eyes of a couple of stars pretending to be two other people?

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Japanese colour film *Gate of Hell* (16/6/54) is really something to see: impressively beautiful visually—not merely in the static design of scenes but in movement too. *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54) and *Henriette* (19/5/54) continue; and I strongly recommend a new one, *Executive Suite*.

Brightest of the releases is *Knave of Hearts* (26/5/54) a highly entertaining fable about a philanderer.

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE PLAY

Where There's a Will . . . (GARRICK)

PRODUCING plays about Lunnon people in the country ought to be officially classified as a folk art, with absolutely standard traditional dresses and accents for Squire, Cockneys, Min. of Ag. officials, yokels, intellectuals, etc. *Where There's a Will . . .*, though, sometimes manages, especially in the first act, to enliven its cardboard characters and devices with a windy gusto, producing an effect something like "The Old Kent Road" on a very worn record. A family of Light Programme Cockneys (one good and wanting to stay, three villainous but amusing and wanting to see what they can get out of it) descend on a Devonshire farm. The farmer has just died and they are his only surviving relatives. From there on the plot can be almost exactly forecast, except that the slow-spoken natives do not finally outwit the villains by the traditional country cozenage. LESLIE DWYER and BILL OWEN as the good and bad Cockneys whisk the creaking wheels round as though they were demonstrating the very latest thing in theatrical devices. Their slickness is one of the pleasing things about the play. But the natives, except for MARJORIE RHODES as the old farmer's housekeeper, seem not to believe in the charade they are performing; their accents are threadbare, with gentility poking through in the oddest places (that goes for the whole of the underplot too). CHARLES LEPPER as the Ministry official manages, partly by the mild oddness of his appearance, to find small patches of newness in the stalest of modern character parts but finally goes down fighting with the worst exit line I have ever heard.

PETER DICKINSON



Father Brown—ALEC GUINNESS

[*Father Brown*]



AT THE OPERA

Siegfried (COVENT GARDEN)

IT is being put about, naturally, that PAUL KUEN distorts and overacts Mime in *Siegfried*. Such a cry always goes up in certain quarters when an actor-singer of mettle really gets his teeth into one of Wagner's character parts.

In a profession which is cursed and bled by underacting—and often by no acting at all—overacting should be classed rather as virtue and box-office balm than as sin. But what does the charge amount to in the present case? Mr. KUEN did much scampering, cowering, snickering, fist-biting and falsetto wailing, to be sure; but each of these exercises was finely managed and had strict warrant in the text or in some turn of the music. There was so much acting in him that he had acting to spare for others. In the riddle scene he was not content to let the Wanderer (Mr. FRANTZ) answer his conundrums unaided: he mouthed the answers himself, in the manner of an overbright scholar, while the Wanderer was intoning them.

This touch and many another reminded us that there is more in Mime than dedicated evil. For two-thirds of his big Act he is timid, clever, stupidly vain of his cleverness and, above all, ill-used. True prototype of the *Hitlerjugend*, Siegfried loathes the dwarf simply because he is a dwarf, with knock-knees and sore eyes. Mr. KUEN, as was proper, made us smile sardonically at Mime on occasion and at other times feel sorry for him. Yet the emergent evil was in no way soft-pedalled. As the end of the first act neared he caressed the phial of poison intended for Siegfried and worshippingly held it aloft with a malign glitter that will not be quickly forgotten.

Far from distorting the part, then, Mr. KUEN handled it in accordance with Wagner's terms of reference. Admittedly, some of his recitative phrases went to pieces in the process (the opening pages were a case in point), and his brooding low Bs and Cs never quite came off. But elsewhere his tenor was sweet and strong. Altogether, his Mime bears comparison with Peter Klein's, which is saying much.

With his golden wig, Greek profile and fetching smile, SET SVANHOLM is an even more plausible Siegfried than six years ago, good enough for Hollywood photocolor, in fact. His vocal line, less endearing than his looks, is as restricted as his acting, though serviceable enough. By this time we are able to anticipate, not always with relish, the exact curve and monochrome of his every gesture or phrase half a stave before it is launched. In the second act the poor man had to sing through the *Waldweben* not in the forest glade of Wagner's imagining but in a bleak open space, without so much as a twig overhead for his talking-bird to perch companionably upon. In this and in other ways Mr. HURRY's scenery for



"Anyway, they'll never make you a City Father, so there!"

Siegfried Act two is as incomprehensible as his *Walküre* Act one.

Of Miss HARSHAW's Brunnhilde we shall have a clearer idea after *Götterdämmerung*. It must be said, however, that her mountain-top duet with Mr. SVANHOLM was a cold cup of tea. Mr. STIEDRY's conducting, always below room-temperature, had something to do with this.

CHARLES REID



AT THE BALLET

The Ballet Rambert

(SADLER'S WELLS)

MADAME RAMBERT with her talented and hard-working young ballet company is making one of her infrequent and tantalizing visits to the Metropolis—tantalizing because a fortnight in the Great Wen is long enough only for many people to realize she is here before she is off again on her tours of England and the Dominions.

Among ballets new to London is *Love Knots*, a rather slight work by JACK CARTER to music by JOHANN NEPOMUK HUMMEL arranged by LEONARD SALZEDO, and with charming dresses by RONALD FERNS. It tells of a *billet-doux* falling into the hands of a charmer for whom it was not intended and of the confusion and gentle sadness thereby occasioned. Though the emotion of the affair is scarcely perceptible and its communication in the dance of little consequence, the piece serves its purpose. It gives to RONALD YERRELL, as a handsome young soldier in love, to ANN HORN as the lady

who succeeds, and to NOREEN SOPWITH as she, alas! who fails, in the romantic encounter opportunities for very agreeable essays in balletic virtuosity.

If the anecdote is too often out of mind in the midst of a sort of stylized carnival that is no great matter, for PATRICIA ASHWORTH's Black Page, a letter-carrier in whose eyes lovely ladies are indistinguishable, one from another, and the Other Ladies and Gentlemen with GILLIAN MARLEW as their Mistress of Ceremonies convey a spirit of enjoyment with grace, vivacity and humour.

The main offering of the opening programme was the company's highly creditable performance of *Giselle*, in which BERYL GOLDWYN dances the leading part with a sincerity and artistry sometimes assumed to be within the command of none but the most renowned ballerinas. Her portrayal of the innocent peasant girl deceived in her suitor's identity has a moving and poignant quality which deserves to be seen in a more exactly ordered setting. Too often the *corps de ballet* gave an impression of amiable improvisation, though ALEXANDER BENNETT brings to the impersonation of Duke Albrecht the proper noble bearing.

If Miss GOLDWYN is less successful as the disembodied spirit of *Giselle* in the second act it is because passage through the tomb has not seemingly changed her bucolic characteristics. ANN HORN does well as Queen of the Wilis and all concerned would probably appear to better advantage if a full orchestra were at hand to play ADOLPHE ADAM's lovely music.

C. B. MORTLOCK

ON THE AIR

Wet Wicket, Wet Week

SOME of Britain's first contributions to television's Continental Exchange, or "Eurovision," have been sadly disappointing. The first item, transmitted to France and Holland only, was the Whitsun Meeting at Hurst Park, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more dull. The day before, we had received excellent outside telecasts from Montreux and Rome, programmes that were lively and cultured: and now here was Britain and its hordes of horsey innocents. We began with a long, long close-up of the race-card, a list of the jockeys' names, and then the cameras waded through the packed spectators, tie-tac men and bookies. The sight of so many faces suffused with the acquisitive instinct was not very edifying, but it takes all sorts, etc., and Continental viewers may possibly have found the show less depressing than I did.

But worse was to follow. On Saturday "Café Continental" faded out before its finale and we were off on a ghostly tour of Trafalgar Square and Whitehall with Richard Dimbleby and the "Roving Eye." Poor old London! The weather was wet and windy and the pictures flickered and yawned throughout the programme. Dimbleby did his best to make the quivering floodlit masses of tarmac and masonry sound noble and steeped in history, but it was a hopeless assignment. No one can sound intelligible from the depths of an aquarium.

Forebodings about *The Good Partners*, the second instalment of Iain MacCormick's play cycle, proved regrettably accurate. This play descended sharply from the high promise of *The Liberators* and saddled us with an hour and a half of



[Television Continental Exchange]

Floodlit London—Washout for Dimbleby

desperately weak drama and intrigue. The script had lost its terse realism and effectiveness and was now a verbose novelette in at least four variations of broken English. I have no complaint to make about the acting: Sheila Burrell, as Anna, the Italian wife of Sergeant Kutsky (of the U.S. Air Force in Europe), played a long and difficult rôle with sustained emotion and a convincing, if grating, vocal throb, and Paul Carpenter and John Bailey also made the most of shoddy material.

The time is 1948, the place Berlin, and Kutsky, engaged on the air-lift, is away from home so long that his passionate young wife has to seek consolation in the arms of the first young man she meets in the *bierstube*. Peter Krek is, of course, from "the other side," a Czech scientist fleeing from his frightful command of bacteriological warfare *à la russe* and an unfaithful Communist wife. Coincidence piled on coincidence. Well, not before too long, everything is discovered and everybody behaves as well

as can be expected with Peter refusing an offer of asylum (and scientific employment) in the U.S.A., and Kutsky absorbing the tears of his erring wife on his manly shoulder.

It would have been wiser to treat *The Promised Years* as material for a serial thriller rather than blow it up to the impossible dignity of a play cycle. Half an hour at a stretch is quite long enough for melodrama of this kind. Iain MacCormick is capable of very neat dialogue—as he proved in *The Liberators* and in the scenes between Kutsky and Sergeant Martin (Bill Nagy)—but the structure and immense canvas of this play cycle are at the moment rather too much for him.

If I seem more than usually sour this week it may be because I have been deprived of nearly four days of Test cricket. There have been very good things on both television and sound radio. I find the Home Service's "En Voyage" programmes very enjoyable. They are the most palatable brush-up-your-French lessons I have ever encountered, full of good humour and quiet characterization. And I must not forget that "This Week's Composer" (always admirable) was Beethoven.

Television treated us to a delicious performance of excerpts from *Swan Lake* and a sparkling edition of "Speaking Personally." In the first Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes and the London Philharmonic were magnificent, and so too were the settings and effects (with the exception of the cardboard swans), by Michael Yates and Lotte Reiniger; and in the second, Lord Beaverbrook, just the man for this programme, aired his prejudices with uncommon verve, and was immensely entertaining.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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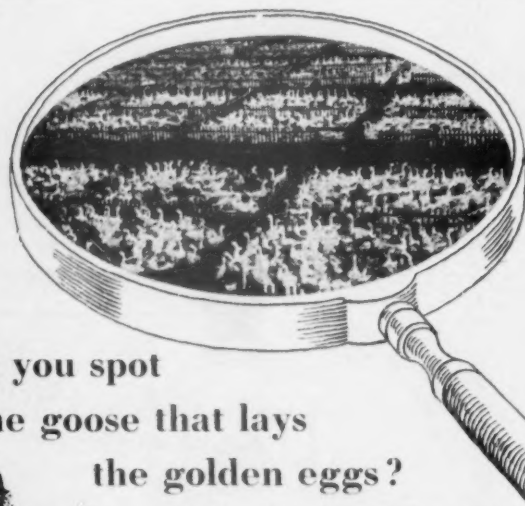
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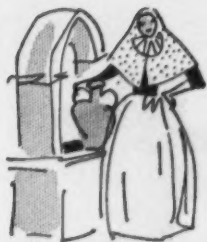
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"Pipe wreck, I'd say," I said.

"Huh?" growled Hobson.

"S'right," I said. "I visualize an open and shut case of chaos in that 30 feet of piping you have inside you. Everything you eat has to pass along it, and your intestinal muscles are there to jolly it along. But they've nothing to pull

on in the sort of food we eat nowadays—too soft and starchy."

"Then what happens?" rasped Hobson.

"A sudden arrest," I said, "with no further developments expected. In fact, you're constipated—and the reason is lack of bulk in your diet."

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"Alimentary, my dear Hobson," I said.

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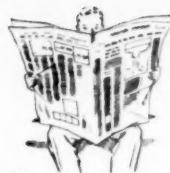


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